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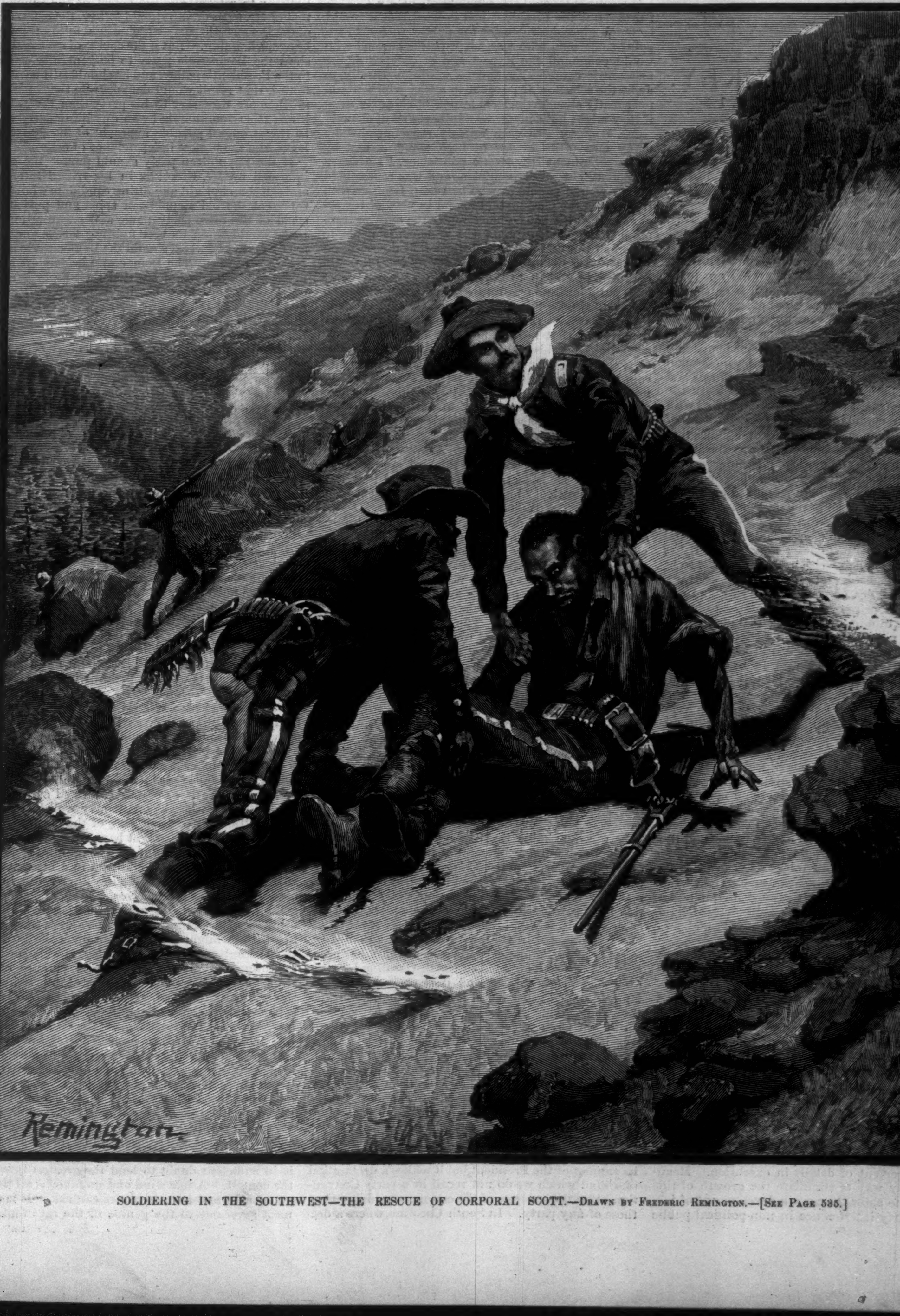

SOLDIERING IN THE SOUTHWEST—THE RESCUE OF CORPORAL SCOTT.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 535.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, August 21, 1886.

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THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

THE **Squire** investigation, the plain evidence of official misconduct, and the general indifference to the revelations, all show an extraordinary and alarming condition of the public mind. Nothing is more evident than the growing conviction that fraud and wasteful extravagance of every kind are to be expected in administration, and that it is extremely amusing to suppose that municipal officers will not be rascals, and that theft of the public money is to be regarded seriously as a public outrage. This feeling that it is very "verdant" to expect official honor and honesty, and the transaction of public business upon the same principles as private business, confirms and perpetuates the evil. In the city of New York the most that can be truly said of any man intrusted with an office which commands great opportunities of handling public money is that there is a hope that his official conduct will be honest, but an expectation that it will not be. If the value of a popular system of government in securing an honest and economical conduct of public affairs were to be judged by the experience of the city during the last generation, it must be admitted to be a failure.

The source of this skepticism of official honor and expectation of official dishonesty is evident. It lies in supposing the public service not to be a trust to be faithfully administered, and a business to be transacted upon principles of common honesty and efficiency, but as the prize of political victory, to be improved to the utmost pecuniary advantage of the victors. This view logically holds that not to use such opportunities for the benefit of those who control them is Miss Nancyism and Phariseeism and Sunday-school politics. Those who ridicule and deride every effort to purify politics and introduce common honesty into the public service as puerile are responsible for **Tweed** and **Flynn** and **Squire**. The course of the **Blaine** campaign in belittling and evading the issue of official honor which the Republican nomination raised, and sneering at its opponents as over-righteous and supercelestial, was a most demoralizing blow at good government and honest politics. It was a direct and immense encouragement of that view of public life and official conduct which produces **Tweeds** and **Flynns** and **Squires**, and the fraud and jobbery of great public undertakings.

The remedy for the public interest lies in preventing, so far as practicable, all such undertakings from degenerating into conspiracies against the public by prohibiting mere favoritism and patronage, and requiring substantial proof of special fitness and personal honesty in the force employed. The first step toward such a result is to lift municipal politics out of the mire of party. It is to see that street scavengering and lamp-lighting are not political functions, and that to carry political party into the management of the city business and of such enterprises as building an aqueduct or a court-house is again to breed **Tweeds** and **Flynns** and **Squires**. The great Aqueduct job, indeed, involves a deal between members of both parties. But that is the vice; and to get rid of both parties in such affairs, to array for the execution of purely non-partisan and non-political public works the whole body of intelligent and honest citizens against the party jobbers and plunderers, is to lay the axe at the root. The good sense which would do this would complete the work by guarding against abuse in the management of details in execution. Meanwhile the only way to stimulate the growth of this good sense is to show the certain development of jobbery from party interference in non-political public interests, and from the abuse of party patronage. If honest and intelligent Republican and Democratic voters in the city, knowing how party municipal nominations are made, are content to follow their leaders in voting blindly the party ticket, they will merely continue to commit the control of the public money to conspirators who have no political convictions whatever, and who use party names and party organizations to fool and cheat well-meaning citizens.

THE NEW YORK COLLECTOR.

THE retirement of Mr. **Hedden** from the Collectorship of the port of New York surprises no one who was familiar with the facts. When Collector **Robertson**'s term expired, there was a great pressure upon the President to fill the position, as it had been filled for many years, by a leading politician of the Administration party. The chief expectant undoubtedly was **Hubert O. Thompson**, who was said to have great "claims" as the chief of a Democratic faction which had strongly favored the nomination of Mr. **Cleveland**. But the President had decided that it would be much more desirable for the public interest to appoint some man who was not a politician, and who would command the respect and confidence of the mercantile community, and he wished naturally to make the selection, if possible, in a way which would not greatly alienate the local leaders of his party, even if they might have preferred another kind of choice.

Mr. **Hedden** was very warmly recommended by many mercantile houses of high standing and by many prominent Democratic politicians. He was a Democrat, but not a politician, and was represented to be a retired merchant who had been familiar with business at the Custom-house, and in view of the peculiar difficulties of a choice under the existing situation, the President, upon the statements made to him, had the best reason to believe that the selection was a fitting one, and that the new Collector would conform, of course, to the President's known views and purposes in regard to changes among the employés of the Custom-house. We said at the time of the appointment that we believed that if the President found that he had been misled, he would act accordingly. This he has now done. He was bound to proceed with caution and deliberation, and to take care that no injustice should be done. But there is no doubt that he has fully satisfied himself that a change ought to be made, and an intimation to that effect was undoubtedly communicated to the Collector.

The selection of Mr. **Daniel Magone**, of Ogdensburg, as the new Collector of the port appears to be admirable. He is, as the Collector should be, a lawyer of acknowledged ability, and a man of excellent judgment. The *Tribune* says of him: "Mr. **Magone** is a gentleman of high character, conceded force and ability, and of thorough-going Democracy. He will find no difficulty in improving upon the record made by his immediate predecessor. How much genuine civil service reform will be infused into his administration remains to be seen." The *Tribune* is in error in stating that the change is due to the death of **Hubert O. Thompson**. The President had decided to make the change several weeks before the death of Mr. **Thompson**. The theory that the new Collector is selected in order to secure a **Cleveland** delegation to the National Convention is the natural theory of antediluvian politicians. If Mr. **Magone** had been selected for any such purpose, the President's reëlection would be seriously endangered. Mr. **Magone** is a Democrat, but he is in full sympathy with the reform views of the President, and it is generally conceded that he will gladly coöperate with the President in enforcing them.

SIGNS IN THE DISTRICTS.

IT was inevitable that the question of the President's course in regard to administrative reform must play a large part in the Congressional elections of this year. Mr. **Holman**'s renomination in Indiana was made by a Democratic Convention which was composed in part of Democratic office-holders, and its tone was decidedly hostile to reform. Mr. **Seney** was renominated in Ohio with a strong and unanimous declaration against reform. Mr. **Cox** has been defeated for renomination in North Carolina because of his fidelity to reform, and it is conceded that in Maryland Mr. **Findlay** will lose his renomination for the same reason. Mr. **Cox** was chairman of the Committee on Civil Service Reform in the House, and was its most strenuous Democratic supporter. Mr. **Findlay** had already proved his fidelity, and with Mr. **Cox** he maintained the good fight at this session. They received no support, however, from Democratic members, who during the Republican ascendency were profuse in professions of faith and loyalty. But while these Democrats are defeated because of their fidelity to the policy of the Democratic President, the Democratic Convention of Kansas declares warmly not only its support of the President, but it makes a declaration of a kind which we do not recall in a party Convention—that the interests of the country are higher than those of any party. In South Carolina, where a declaration in favor of civil service reform has been usual, there was a strenuous attempt in the Democratic Convention to exclude it this year. After a vigorous debate, the clause was retained, but only by a very close vote of 153 to 149. This result shows how widely the party is divided even in a State whose Legislature passed the admirable resolutions of Secretary **Thompson**.

These are all platform professions. The real drift of party sentiment will be determined by the character of the nominations. Mr. **Holman**'s unanimous renomination undoubtedly shows the practically unanimous Democratic hostility to reform in Indiana. Mr. **Seney**'s reveals the same feeling in his district in Ohio, and the defeat of Mr. **Cox** and the probable defeat of Mr. **Findlay** show the Democratic feeling in their districts, as the renomination of Mr. **Randall** would show it in his. All such facts are very important, and they are all carefully observed by intelligent voters. If the general character of the platforms and of the nominations should disclose the same hostility to reform, and the defeat of the renomination of Mr. **Cleveland** should follow, the catastrophe of the Democratic party which would follow all would be overwhelming. But if the course of events should show the Democratic party to be generally opposed to the President's policy, and he should still be renominated, that result would demonstrate that he is very much more necessary to his party than the party to him. His renomination by an unwilling party would be the strongest possible approval of his course, and leave him the utmost independence of action.

If the Republican party should pursue the course indicated by Mr. **Edmunds** in his *World* interview, and select an upright and fitting candidate who should represent the old Republican spirit and purpose, instead of the mere party name and organization, the party would be on its best fighting terms, and tolerably certain of success should the Democrats abandon Mr. **Cleveland**. The Democratic leaders are singularly blind who do not see that their party is strong only so far as it identifies itself with the President, and that every Democratic district Convention which fails to support his reform policy helps to make Democratic success in 1888 improbable. Indeed, except for the President, the course of the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives would have gone far to demonstrate that improbability already.

GETTING READY FOR THE YACHT RACE.

THE contest for the Goelet Cup at Newport resulted in a signal triumph for Mr. **Burgess**, the designer of the victorious yacht. Last year he designed the *Puritan*, which beat the *Genesta*, and retained the international cup on this side of the ocean. This year he has designed the *Mayflower*, which has beaten the *Puritan* in the Newport race, although the *Puritan* was again the leader in the run to New Bedford. The two sloops are very similar. They are so much alike, indeed, that spectators at Newport watching the race through glasses supposed that the yacht which led upon the return was the *Puritan*, until she came close in and was seen to be the *Mayflower*. There are two other things which seem to be demonstrated by the Newport race: one is that there are two American yachts which will apparently hold the international cup against all comers; and the other, that the yacht laurel has passed from New York to Boston.

The Newport race was sailed under entirely satisfactory conditions, and, as the owner of the *Mayflower* telegraphed to friends in Europe, "without flukes." The breeze was fresh and steady. It was not a half-gale, as it was last year at the same race, and it tried the vessels fairly upon every course. Where the race is so closely contested as it was between the two white sloops, it may well be supposed that a little different handling of the craft, upon the one side or the other, might have changed the result. The lead of the *Mayflower* by five minutes is not conclusive proof that she would lead in a heavier breeze and sea, and this fact leaves the final result in very pleasant doubt. Her success, however, justifies the feeling of Mr. **Burgess**, after studying carefully the behavior of the *Puritan*, that there were some points in which he might improve even upon the *Puritan*.

The English yacht, the *Galatea*, is welcomed with the utmost good feeling. This is perhaps all the stronger from the undoubted general impression that she is doomed to defeat. The profuse greeting is like a blooming garland of sacrifice. The *Genesta* was beaten by the *Puritan*, and as the *Galatea* has not beaten the *Genesta*, her coming to try for the prize which eluded the *Genesta* is regarded as a very pretty piece of pluck, which shall be duly recognized and honored. But there is always the chance of wind and wave and skill. Should the day be fortunate for the *Galatea*, the very anticipation of her defeat would give a finer zest to her victory; while, should she be outsailed, the expectation of that event would temper the American triumph. In any case, the end is in sufficient doubt to lend the greatest interest to the contest. A fair wind and no favor is all that the yachtsmen and both countries can ask. It is a trial most agreeable to the genius of the race that dominates both countries. Britannia has long ruled the waves; and it is the mature child that now challenges the mother, and has even already shown her a fleeter foot upon the ocean than her own.

A GOOD WORK.

THE humane Indian policy is in every way the wisest and the cheapest, and it is making rapid progress. This is due mainly to two causes—first, the organization of an association which charges itself with a constant and intelligent supervision and public report of the Indian situation; and second, the special devotion of Senator DAWES in Congress. He is thoroughly informed upon the question, and he is, we believe, in entire general sympathy with the association. He has made many visits to the reservations, and he speaks in his place with authority. He is the first conspicuous member of Congress who has made the Indian question not only an official but a personal specialty, and his retirement from the Senate would be a serious blow to the judicious Indian policy, which is wholly a modern and recent policy. Among the older special friends of the Indian is Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, and his appointment, with that of Messrs. JOHN V. WRIGHT, of Tennessee, and CHARLES F. LARRABEE, of the Indian Office, as envoys to visit certain Indian tribes and negotiate treaties with them, is an event of great promise.

The envoys are to satisfy certain Indians in Minnesota for injuries by freshets from government reservoirs, and to arrange the removal of tribes which are wholly dependent upon the government, and whose great reservations have been deserted by the buffalo, and are crossed by railroads and invaded by white settlement. They will further try to unite tribes now in Idaho and Washington Territory with others in Montana. The envoys will visit other Indians, and their mission will not be fruitless if it only proves good-will. They are instructed to act only with the consent of the tribes, which means, of course, a majority of the tribe, and their agreements must be ratified by Congress. This would not be a cause of doubt or regret if Congress would be governed in its action by men like Senator DAWES. But the Indian question in Congress always encounters a formidable combination of ignorance, prejudice, indifference, and personal interest. It is, however, yielding more and more rapidly to the pressure of public opinion, which demands a just and humane policy.

The Indian question has long been our Ireland. It has produced great irritation and impatience in the discussion, and our policy has been a prolonged wrong. Mrs. JACKSON's phrase, "a century of dishonor," is not too strong to describe it. It will not be easy to recover a confidence which we have wantonly squandered, and the sense of traditional injury and injustice remains to cover even sincerity and generosity with suspicion. Bishop WHIPPLE and his associates go upon a very difficult and delicate mission. But no envoys of the United States anywhere have a more important duty, nor one which, if well discharged, as we do not doubt that it will be, should confer greater honor upon the ministers. The good service of the good bishop, indeed, has been long continued and unostentatious. The effect upon the Indians of the steady and faithful friendliness of one such man is incalculable, and the debt of his countrymen to him is very great. Any American citizen who stands to the Indians for the humanity, patience, sympathy, and good faith of the United States is, both to the Indian and the white man, a public benefactor.

EXAMINING BOARDS.

MR. PARKER, the secretary of Collector HEDDEN, recently wrote a letter to the Civil Service Commission resigning his position as a member of the Examining Board in New York, in consequence of the rule of the Commission declining to ratify the selection by the board as chairman or secretary of any confidential deputy of the appointing officer. Mr. PARKER says that in his opinion, if he is not fit to be an officer of the board, he is not fit to be a member. As an independent proposition that statement is generally correct. But the reason of the order of the Commission is plain. The officers of the board have charge of the records and the eligible list, and to prohibit a confidential deputy from being an officer is to diminish the chances of the eligible list being made known to the appointing power. We would gladly see such officers, at the present stage of the reformed system, excluded from the boards altogether; and the National League has wisely approved the composition of boards of examination as fast as practicable, and so far as desirable, of persons not otherwise connected with the public service. There is, of course, a practical knowledge of duties which is indispensable for proper specific examinations, and that can be supplied only by experts.

It is probably true that the exclusion of confidential deputies from the boards, and rules prohibiting the disclosure of the eligible list, will only diminish the chances of its revelation, it will not altogether prevent it. Successful competitors are informed of their standing upon the list, and a little comparison of such information and the knowledge which the examiners have of the result would practically expose the list. In this situation many of the stanchest friends of reform are of opinion that, as all reasonable publicity is desirable as a guarantee of good faith, it might be expedient to authorize the publication of every list, if combined with the requirement from the appointing officer of a statement of his reasons for passing over the highest names upon the certified list. The National League at its recent annual meeting favored the general policy of stating such reasons, and with the same general purpose declared its approval of open consideration in the Senate of the merits of nominations.

If the attack of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN upon the Civil Service law had succeeded, and the whole eligible list had been laid before the appointing officer, it is understood that the Civil Service Commission would probably have required reasons to be given for passing by the highest names upon the list. But the occasion for all such checks would be removed by selecting for appointing officers only those who are in favor of the reformed system, and who will enforce it not perfunctorily, but honestly and in good faith. If a bill in Congress must not be given to its opponents to nurse, a reform must not be intrusted to its enemies to carry into effect. The appointment of the members of the local examining boards is made by the National Commission upon consultation with the superior officer. But it is evident that an unfriendly superior can make it very difficult for the Commission to select properly. Messrs. PARKER and BERRY should never have been placed upon the Examining Board to enforce a system which they disapprove, and they never would have been placed there upon consultation with a Collector who sincerely wished to observe the spirit as well as the letter of the system.

HARVARD'S TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

THE five-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Heidelberg has just been observed with great pomp and brilliancy, and in about three months Harvard College, the oldest of American universities, will commemorate her foundation two hundred and fifty years ago. That Mr LOWELL will be the orator and Dr. HOLMES the poet of the occasion is to say that the University will be justified of her children. It cannot fail to be a day of the utmost interest, and a day whose significance is very striking.

The two hundred and fifty years of her own life which Harvard will commemorate are also very nearly the years of the permanent European settlement of the country. New York was settled as a trading station in 1609, and the settlement at Plymouth, which gave much of its distinctive character to the country that we know, took place in 1620. Boston was planted in 1630, and Harvard College was founded by "the General Court" of the colony in 1636. The college, like the Church of which it was a tributary, and by which it was directed, is coeval with the State. That is the distinction of our American civilization. Education was the earliest care of the people who meant to govern themselves.

Harvard College is the permanent symbol of one of the chief forces which have made this country. The college everywhere has the same great distinction. At the time of the Revolution, Columbia College, in New York, had graduated hardly a hundred students. But among them were leaders of the Revolution; individual men multiplied, as it were, by thousands. The disposition to sneer at college-bred men, and to hold that what are called self-made men are the only valuable practical citizens, is curiously offset by the simple facts of college annals. The occasion to remind the country of this truth falls most happily upon the two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of Harvard, and there can be no doubt that it will be most happily improved.

THE IRISH CONGRESS AT CHICAGO.

SOME of the chief Irish leaders are coming and have already come to the country to be present at the great Irish Conference in Chicago. It is a spectacle without precedent, that of an immense body of foreign-born citizens in one country organized to promote political agitation in another, and inspired and led by the personal appeals of leaders from the legislature and platform of another country. It is indisputable that if there were in England a vast organization engaged in raising money to aid elections in this country, and in receiving directions and orators sent out from this country, there would be a profound general American feeling of indignation with foreign intermeddling.

In the popular American feeling, one of the most serious stigmas upon the early antislavery movement in this country was the coming of GEORGE THOMPSON, an English orator and member of Parliament, to make antislavery speeches. It was alleged with fury that slavery in this country was our own affair, and that Englishmen had no business to meddle with our domestic questions. The case of the Irish-born citizens of this country taking part in English-Irish politics is not, of course, the same as that of the English abolitionists coming to this country. But it is quite the same so far as concerns the feeling of Englishmen in regard to the interference in their domestic questions of Americans, whether native or Irish born.

The total Irish immigration to this country from the beginning of 1820 to the close of 1883 was a little more than 3,300,000, and of this number nearly 2,600,000 came over between 1848 and 1870, and about 600,000 between 1870 and 1883. "It is safe, therefore, to say," remarks our authority, "that over five-sixths of the Irish people who came to this country, and their descendants, have been in this country from fifteen to thirty years." It may be safely said of this class of our fellow-citizens that their political interest and activity are quite as great in the Irish part of British politics as in American politics. Their natural interest in the welfare of a land from which many of them feel that they were driven by the consequences of harsh government cannot be censured. It is a fact which English statesmen cannot wisely overlook. But neither can it be denied that this kind of divided political interest and allegiance is not a satisfactory augury for our own country.

PERSONAL.

HUNDREDS of graduates of Princeton College in all parts of the country were sorry to learn of the death of Dr. JOHN MACLEAN, ex-President of that institution. His familiar figure, with long black cloak, and high hat on the back of the head, will be missed from the streets of Princeton, where for more than eighty years it appeared almost daily, and at the annual Commencements, where it was cheered longer and more loudly than any other. While discharging the active duties of his office, the Doctor—or "JOHNNIE," as the boys used affectionately to call him—was in the habit of prowling about the campus with a dark lantern, whenever any disorder was brewing, and he invariably softened his foot-fall by wearing a pair of "gum shoes." Thousands of times, previous to 1868, did the campus resound at night with yells of "JOHN!" "JOHN!" that served either to warn mischief-makers of his proximity or to draw the old gentleman from his house for the fun of seeing him in the chase. When he succeeded in capturing an offender, his practice was to grab him around the body with his right arm, and then turn the dark lantern upon his face. The next morning the culprit was invited to appear before the faculty. The favorite amusement in those days was to have a "horn spree." It consisted of blowing enormous tin horns, removing gates from fences, making bonfires, serenading the more obnoxious of the professors or tutors, and having a sort of Buffalo-Bill's-Wild-West time generally. When Dr. MCCOSH became President, he intrusted the duty of preserving order at night to a new officer, called the Proctor.

—At the close of the first season of the Metropolitan Opera-house in this city Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY found himself in debt to the amount of $250,000. His determination had been to make that season a brilliant one, irrespective of the cost to himself. In two years he has made enough out of other enterprises to meet $200,000 of his obligations. Most of his friends advised him to go into bankruptcy and take a fresh start, but he resolved rather to pay what he owed. The coming season he will be the manager of Madame BERNHARDT and Madame PATTI.

—Madame BERNHARDT's present tour comprises visits to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Lima, Santiago, Havana, New York, and the other principal cities of the United States. She is now at or near Montevideo, and will reach New York next March, where her new rôles will be Theodora and Feodora, in addition to those played during her visit in 1880. She is said to have lost none of her old fire and force.

—Mr. JOHN F. TROW, who died in Orange, New Jersey, August 8, is well known as the compiler and printer of the New York City Directory. Mr. TROW, who was seventy-seven years old, was a student of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and was a benevolent and public-spirited citizen. He began the publication of the Directory in 1852.

—The late CHARLES A. MINTON, for many years financial editor of the *Herald*, was as well fitted for such a post as any man that ever lived. He knew Wall Street perfectly, and had been in business there; he was a member of the Stock Exchange; he had an extensive acquaintance among leading financiers at home and abroad. Socially he was an ideal club-man, and for sixteen years the secretary of the New York Yacht Club. He was graduated from Columbia College with high honors, and knew how to impart a literary flavor even to a financial column.

—An anniversary of unusual interest was the celebration of the eightieth birthday of Mr. A. S. ABELL, the proprietor of the Baltimore *Sun*, which occurred in the presence of his sons, daughters, and grandchildren, at his country-seat in Maryland, on the 10th of August. Many congratulations by mail and telegraph were received by the venerable journalist and patriot.

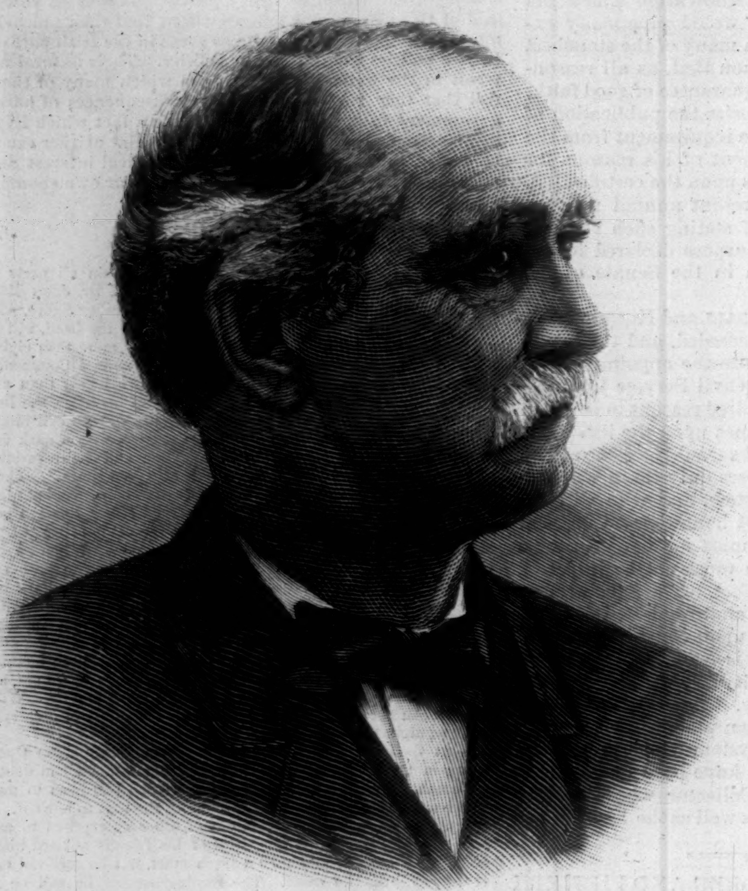
—The steam-ship *Elysia*, bearing the body of the late Colonel RICHARD MARCH HOE, who died suddenly at Florence, Italy, on June 7, reached New York on Sunday, the 8th inst. The eight hundred men employed by Messrs. R. HOE & Co. had proposed to testify their respect for their deceased employer and their affectionate remembrance of his considerate and friendly relations with them by escorting the remains from the steamer to Colonel HOE's late home, but this proved to be impracticable. They formed an imposing spectacle at the funeral, which took place from St. Ann's Church, Morrisania, on Thursday, the 12th inst. The great factory on Grand Street was closed from the time of the arrival of the remains until after the interment.

—The superintendent of a horse-car line in this city has caused the following directions to drivers to be posted above their heads on the roof of the front platform of each car: "Keep your hand on the brake. Have your brake off before starting. Always start your horse very slow. Drive steady and carefully. Keep an equal distance between cars. If your horse begins to fail, take him out. Walk over all crossings and curves. Never drive with a slack rein. Study well your book of rules and regulations."

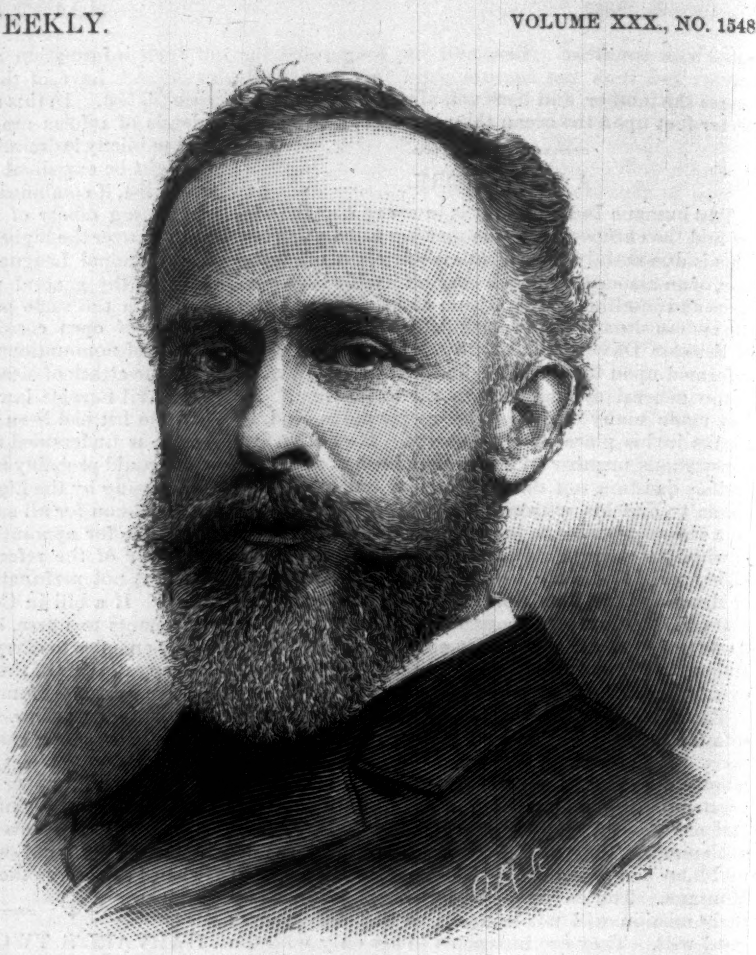
—Some actresses are superstitious to an amusing degree. Madame BERNHARDT believes that to touch the shoulders of a hump-backed man brings good luck. She was much pleased to see such a man on the tug-boat that met her party on their first arrival at Quarantine, and she lost no time in rubbing her fingers across his shoulder. It is very generally known that Madame PATTI will not sign a contract on Tuesday, in deference to a Spanish superstition. She will begin her concert tour on the 17th of November in Steinway Hall, and each concert will conclude with the production of one act of an opera, with scenery and costumes.

—The great historian VON RANKE was a small man physically—little more than five feet high—but his noble forehead, bright eyes, and flowing white beard gave him a very distinguished appearance. His manners were courtly and of the old school, and he often ventured, without offence, to salute his lady friends in public by kissing them on each cheek.

—Miss FORTESCUE, the English actress, who will make her American *début* at the Lyceum Theatre in this city on the 18th of next October, under the management of Mr. MARCUS R. MAYER, is about twenty-four years old. Her eyes are light blue, her hair is light brown, her figure slight, and her height about that of Miss SARA JEWETT or Miss MAUD HARRISON. She has the *entrée* of the best society in London, and will bring letters of introduction to the best society here. She will be accompanied by her mother and sister, the latter a brunette, nineteen years of age, and robust in figure. Miss FORTESCUE's principal successes have been in plays of the kind in which Mme. MODJESKA usually appears, but Mr. W. S. GILBERT is now writing a new melodrama for her, in addition to his dramatization of *Faust* under the name of *Gretchen*, in which Miss FORTESCUE assumes the title rôle. The actress is a brilliant talker, and can describe very picturesquely the peculiarities of celebrities whom she has met.



DANIEL MAGONE, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.
Photographed by Dow, Ogdensburg, New York.

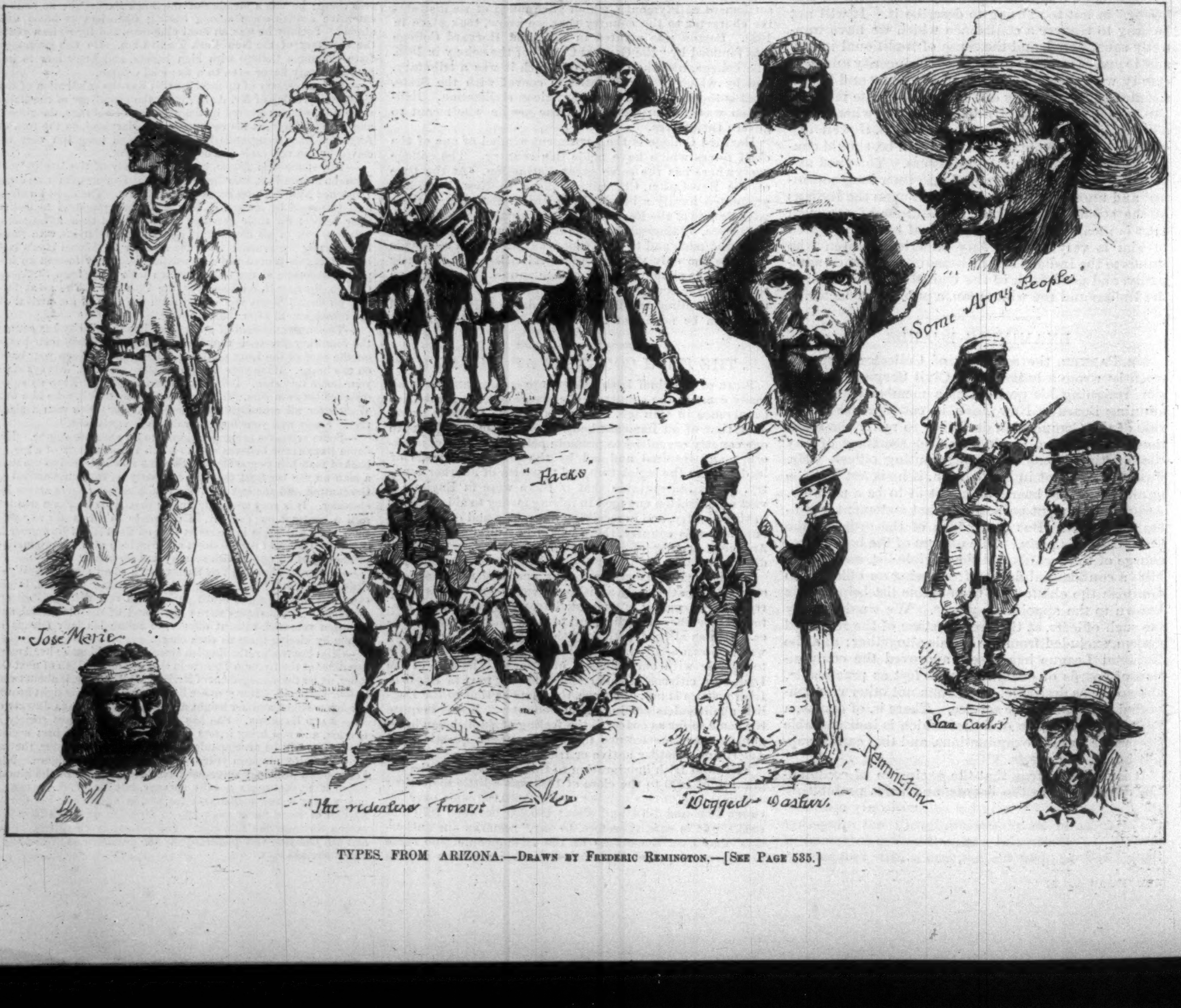


PROFESSOR E. S. MORSE, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 535.]

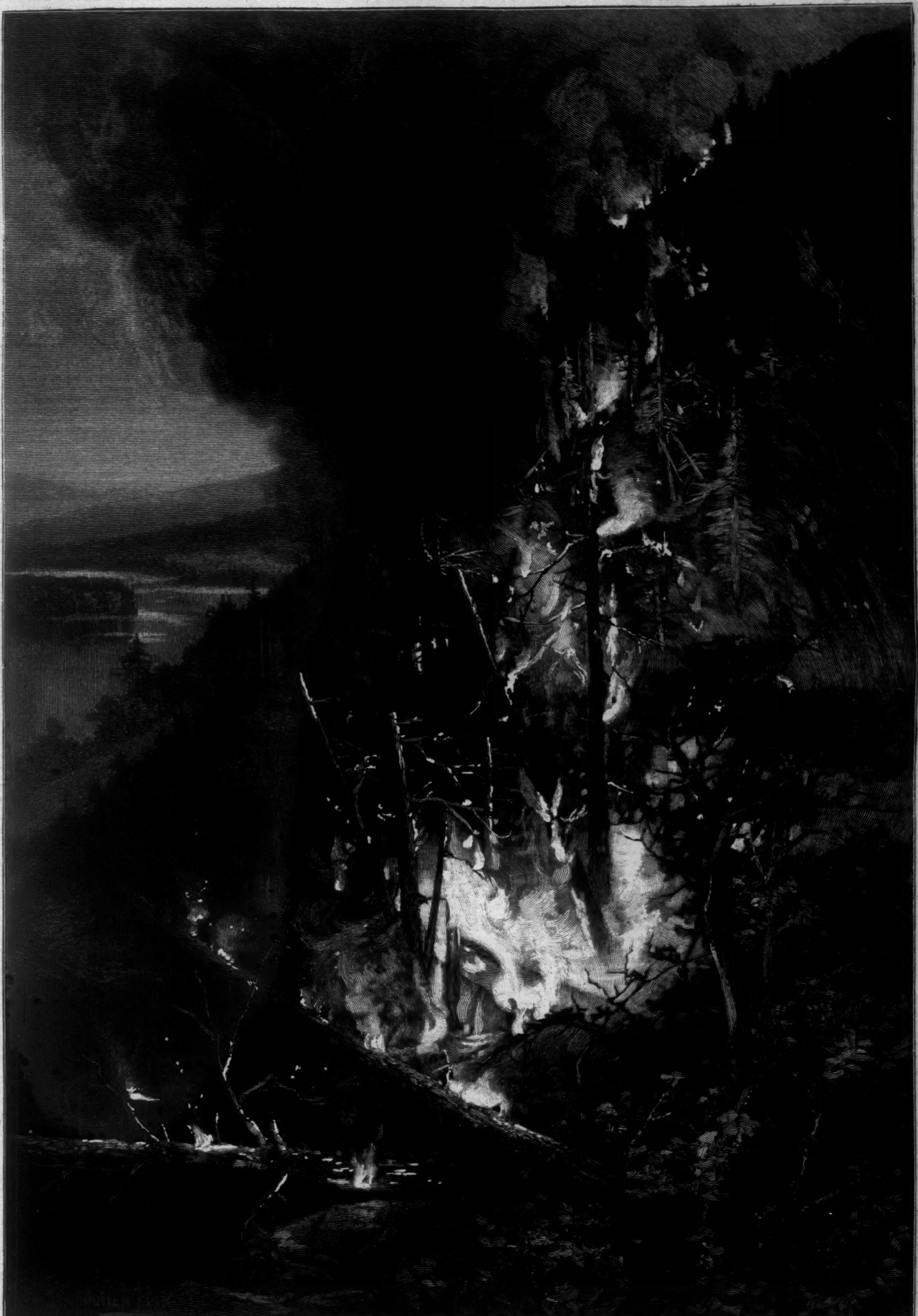
DANIEL MAGONE.

Mr. Daniel Magone, whom the President has appointed Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, *vice* Mr. E. L. Hedden, resigned, was born at Ogdensburg, New York, fifty-five years ago. He comes of Irish parentage, is a Roman Catholic in faith, and has always been a thorough-going Democrat. The only political office to which he was ever elected was the office of Supervisor of Ogdensburg. But by the appointment of Mr. Tilden, then Governor, he was made in 1875 one of the commissioners to investigate the canal frauds, his associates being Messrs. John Bigelow, John D. Van Buren, Jun., and Alexander E. Orr. The year before, he did Mr. Tilden good service in his contest for the Governorship; and in the year following, as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of New York, he did his political chief still greater service in helping to bring about his nomination for the Presidency, and in the conduct of the Presidential election in New York. Mr. Magone was a delegate also to the National Democratic Convention of 1884, and did vigorous work for Mr. Cleveland's nomination. And his habit is to do all his work vigorously. As a practical politician of the higher kind he has been of great service both to Mr. Tilden, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed and at whose burial he was a pall-bearer, and to Mr. Cleveland; but Mr. Magone has never been a politician for profit. His acceptance of the Collectorship will bring pecuniary loss to him, for his income as a lawyer is much larger than the salary of the Collector, which is $12,000 a year.

And it is as a lawyer that Mr. Magone has chiefly distinguished himself, for he is the most successful member of the profession in northern New York. He was admitted to the bar in Ogdensburg, where he has ever since resided. He has been a partner successively of Charles G. Meyers, who was elected Attorney-General in 1859, of E. M. Holbrook, who became clerk of the State Court of Claims in 1883, and of Thomas Spratt. In the practice of the law he has accumulated a modest fortune, and his friends believe that he has the executive qualities needed for success in his new office.



TYPES FROM ARIZONA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 535.]



A FOREST FIRE.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 535.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "COUNTESS OF DORSET."

Then we all crowded round him, shaking his hand and rejoicing; and the Admiral first swore at Jack for playing a trick upon us (but, alas! it proved to be no trick), and then at himself for his stupidity, and then could say nothing for the tears which drowned his voice and ran down his cheeks. And Jack declared first that he would never part with the Admiral's shilling, and next that he would not put off his rags until he had first eaten the Vicar's plate of victuals and drank his tankard. This he did; and the Vicar said grace solemnly, with thanks for the safe return of the long-lost sailor; and we all flocked round him to see him eat and drink. A pretty sight it was, for he had not tasted honest roast beef for six long years. Then, though it was Sunday, nothing would do but they must ring the church bells, as if they would bring down the tower about their heads. And Mr. Brinjes came running in shirt sleeves, waistcoat, and nightcap, just as he left his shop, the lancet still in his hand with which he had been bleeding people all the morning.

Thus we carried home our poor ragged prodigal. After the first confusion was over, I looked for Bess, but she had slipped away, unheeded.

Now you will believe that we were eager to know what had befallen him; but we could at first get little talk with him, for all that afternoon there came to the house people of every kind, anxious to see and converse with this young hero, who had, it was reported in the town, escaped from the French after six years of captivity. All the afternoon Cudjoe and Snowball, who ought to have been at church, trudged about with foaming tankards and mugs, giving everybody who desired an honest glass to drink the Lieutenant's health (he was still only a midshipman, but they gave him promotion). And there were a thousand questions asked one after the other, so that long before the evening, when we were to have an account of the voyage, we knew pretty well what had happened. And, though it was Sunday, there was brewed a great bowl of punch for the evening; and in the end the Admiral was carried to bed, and many of the guests retired with a rolling gait and thick voice; while, as for me, the next morning showed, by trembling fingers and headache, besides the memory of uncertain steps, that I, too, had rejoiced among the rest beyond the limits of soberness.

I have observed, having been born and brought up among men who delight in telling and hearing stories of battle, escapes, shipwreck, and the like, that the hero of a hundred adventures is seldom as ready to tell them as he who hath in all his life experienced but one; and that, often enough, not of his own seeking, but against his own desire, and even entered upon in bodily fear. Yet Virgil makes Æneas relate his wanderings movingly and in the finest verse; and Shakespeare tells how Othello would, in the hearing of Desdemona, fight his battles over again. As for Jack, he had encountered so many perils, and met with so many adventures, and those of so extraordinary a kind, that one would not expect the hundredth part of them to be told in one evening. Yet he was not able, at first, to tell us much about them; and it was only by continual questioning and persuading him to talk, with the map lying open before him, that we could get him to unburden his mind of some of the things he had seen and undergone. Some men—of whom Jack was one—are so constituted that they do not seem to understand what people want to know, or what they should tell them. Our hero was not reticent, I am sure, from any fear of appearing boastful, because sailors love, above all things, to speak of their own adventures; but because, first, he felt, on this the first day of his return, new and strange to us, after six years of absence; and next, he was never good at narrating, save stories of fight; and further, it is not easy for any one to gather up immediately, and at short notice, all the recollections of the past six years. When a man has been two years with savages, or two years in a Spanish or French prison, he is apt to forget some of the things which happened before, even though they passed among the unknown islands of the Pacific Ocean.

"As for her course, now," he began, doubtfully. He had before him the map of the world, on Mercator's projection, by John Senex. It was my father's copy, and although the map is not on so large a scale as a ship's chart, yet it was big enough to serve. Deptford is too insignificant to be marked, and Jack's finger, when he would indicate the ship's starting-point, covered the whole of Kent, Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey. "As for her course, now," he repeated, looking at the map doubtfully, considering how best to begin. Perhaps he had forgotten how to use a map, since he had not seen one for four years. Castilla was standing on one side, looking over his shoulder, I at the other side. The Admiral sat opposite, his red face filled with benevolence and affection.

"Oh, Jack," said Castilla, "to think that you should remember her course after all these years!"

"As for her course, now," said the Admiral. "We sailed from Deptford—"

"You did, my boy, and I well remember the day, six years ago, when the *Countess of Dorset* dipped her ensign and fired her salute. The boy tells me, gentlemen, that for four years he has never tasted punch—poor lad! nor quaffed a tankard of ale—think of it! nor sat down to a comfortable pipe of tobacco: nor known the comforts of a hammock in a seaworthy and weather-tight vessel. For four years! Your Reverence, it is Sunday evening; but with respect to the cloth"—the Admiral turned his face, rosy and beaming as the setting sun, to my father—"when the prodigal son came home, did his father ask the Chaplain, who, I suppose, was a Levite, whether it was the Sabbath Day, before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed and roasted?"

"We do not learn that he did so," replied my father. "Though, doubtless—"

"Then, sir, suffer us to believe, for our satisfaction at the present juncture, that the event, like another one of later occurrence, happened on the Sabbath Day. Then have we authority of Holy-Writ for making merry on the Sabbath Day."

At this display of wit they all laughed, without rebuke from the Vicar.

"We sailed, as you remember, Admiral, carrying with us twenty-five guns, with a crew of one hundred and twenty men all told, and provisions for twenty-four months. Gentlemen, with submission, I venture to remark that no navy provision exists which will last twenty-four months, for the biscuit becomes weevilly, and the pork and beef rancid; and as to the cheese and the salt butter— But there!—"

"He is right," said Mr. Underhill.

"We were fortunate, however, and fell in, before we suffered much from this cause, with provisions of another kind. The last land that we saw was the Start, and the next was Cape Finisterre. We then stood away for the Island of Teneriffe, where we designed to take in wine, rum, and brandy, the Captain being of opinion that to keep a merry heart in the crew—which is above all things desirable on a long voyage—a double ration is often necessary; wherefore we laid in at the town of Santa Cruz a great store of malmsey, canary, and verdina, which is a greenish-colored wine and strong bodied, but keeps well in hot climates.

"After leaving Teneriffe we were becalmed for three weeks, during which, I remember, we caught two very fine sharks, off which the men regaled. Then we touched at St. Helena. After this we were driven off our course by the trade-wind, and sighted Tristan d'Acunha; we put in at the Cape, and after leaving Algoa Bay we steered nor'-nor'east, passing the southern point of Madagascar, where we expected to meet with pirates.

"Our course was now to the coast of New Holland, the object of the voyage being, as the Captain told us, to discover new lands, and, if possible, countries where British settlements might rival those of Spain in the Manillas and the Ladrones."

His finger was now on the coast of the great unknown southern island called New Holland. "On the third or fourth day we found an opening in the land, and anchored in two fathoms and a half of water. We called the place Shark's Bay, and we stayed here a week. The shore is shelving to the sea, and we saw there a kind of animal like the West Indian maccaroon, save that it has long hind-legs on which it jumps; and I think it was there that we found an ugly kind of guana which stinks. The natives were naked black men, some of them painted with a kind of pigment, and their hair frizzled. They seem to live on shell-fish, and carry lances with heads of flint."

"I had hoped," said my father, "to hear of some polite and civilized nation with arts and sciences, and traditions of the patriarchal religion, and of gentle manners."

"Their manners," Jack continued, "are beastly, and their ways are treacherous; and as for religion, we saw no sign of any. How can savages have any religion who live on mussels? I have lived on them myself, and felt no promptings of religion all the time, but only discontent and swearing. Well, gentlemen, we continued our voyage, and I dare say we carried the coast line a good bit farther than this map shows; but my memory serves me not on this point, and my own as well as the ship's log was lost when the ship was cast away.

"The Captain said that it was reported," Jack continued, "that there are islands in those seas of incredible wealth, but that the Spaniards either keep the secret of these islands to themselves, or they have not the curiosity to seek them out. His design was, therefore, to seek for these islands, even though we might have to fight the Spaniards should we meet them; and if any place should be found to possess the wealth they are supposed to contain, then, Spaniard or no Spaniard, to plant the flag of Great Britain upon them; and if Heaven should prosper our enterprise, presently to return by the Straits of Magellan.

"So we steered a course northeast by north, across an open sea, with fair winds, sighting no land at all until we were in latitude 20 deg. south, or thereabout, when we came to a great island; if, indeed, it be not a part of the great Southern Continent. Gentlemen"—Jack broke off here—"I cannot tell you all, nor a tenth part, of what we saw in these seas. There are thousands of islands, all much finer than you can imagine."

"And as for the riches of them?" asked one of the company.

"I know not if there be any. We made such signs as we thought would make them understand that we wanted gold and precious stones; but they produced none, and we believed that they have no knowledge of gold, even if there be gold in their mountains. Of pearls there must needs be plenty, seeing that there are oysters in abundance. But we saw none."

"No gold and no jewels!" said my father. "Happy islanders!"

"And they seem to have all things in common."

"Wherefore the main temptations to sin," said my father, "are removed. Where there is no private property, there can be no robbery, no envying, no jealousies, no overreaching. Oh, thrice happy people, if they knew their own happiness!"

"If we had not lost the log," Jack continued, "we should have covered these seas with islands never before seen, even by Dampier, Magellan, Drake, or Rogers. Now, no one knows where they are, and I alone of all living men, unless it be Mr. Brinjes, have seen them. As for our gallant company"—here he paused and looked around him solemnly. I have noticed many sailors do the same thing; it is as if they were counting those present to be sure that they, too, are not shipwrecked men—"they are all dead by now, I doubt not. Unless some escaped of whom I know nothing, who may be living yet among the Indians."

"Fill his glass," said the Admiral. "Gentlemen, let us drink to the memory of these poor fellows, cast away, and now dead."

"There is no such sailing," Jack continued, "anywhere in the world, save for the constant temptation for the men to desert, and live in indolence among these people. Better would it have been, save for one who now sits here among you all, had the whole ship's company gone ashore and stayed there, to live in the warm air and sunshine of that climate."

"Better to die a Christian than live a heathen," said the Vicar.

"Well, we had the Church Service read every Sunday morning," said Jack, "which was no doubt a comfortable thing for the poor fellows to think upon when the rocks were cracking their skulls like egg-shells. But as for the sailing, so long as we were among the islands, it was like cruising upon a pond, with fresh fruit, and fish of all kinds, and wild birds in plenty to be shot. Sir"—he addressed the Vicar—"this place is surely the Garden of Eden, though there is in Scripture no mention made of any seas. Of this the Captain, who was a sober and religious man, was well assured.

"Alas! gentlemen, there is very little more to tell, and the rest of the history of the ill-fated *Countess of Dorset* is all misfortune. We came at length to an end of these islands, which we parted with to our great regret; and so, with open sea, steering now east or southeast, with design to make Juan Fernandez or the Island of Masafuera. When we were within thirty or forty leagues, according to our reckoning, of these islands, there fell upon us a dreadful gale, or succession of gales, which lasted a week or more, so far as I remember, the ship driving before the wind under bare poles. Then we lost our foremast, and presently both mainmast and mizzenmast went by the board; and for great waves and the force of the wind, I never experienced the like. We rigged a jury-mast with difficulty, and a foresail to steady her head. By this time our bulwarks were broken and our boats stove in, so that there was very little hope left us, except that the gale might abate, in which case we might keep her afloat—for now she had sprung aleak, and the men were kept day and night to the pump—until we could make some kind of raft. As for our guns, we heaved them overboard, with everything else that would lighten the ship. Gentlemen, the gale did not abate; on the contrary, it blew harder, if that were possible; and I think everybody on board had given up hope. As for the men, some of them did their duty to the last; but some of them became mutinous, and wanted to get to the spirit store, and go down happy. Which is, I take it, a fool's way of dying.

"I do not know, gentlemen, how long this lasted. We unshipped our rudder, I remember, which finished our misfortunes, for now the ship lay like a log in the trough of the waves, which rolled her about as they pleased. And how many were washed overboard I know not; nor how many were left in the ship, when at last she struck the rocks and was beaten to pieces. I would rather face a dozen broadsides than wait again, for a week or more, with Death almost certain at the end of it. To judge from the haggard faces of those who waited with me, and to remember my own mind—why, we die a hundred deaths in the mere apprehension and waiting for it. Most of us died in earnest before long. For one morning, when the daylight came, we saw before us a most dreadful sight—namely, the coast of Patagonia, which is the most inhospitable, I suppose, in the whole world, and the most terrible, by reason of its rocks and precipices. We were driving right upon the coast. Then, indeed, we gave ourselves up for lost. When we struck, the sea lifted her and beat her against the rocks, breaking and grinding her timbers as if she had been nothing bigger than a Portsmouth wherry; and the waves broke over her at the same time, washing the men from the places where they were clinging. As for me, I was carried off, and what happened to me afterward I know not, save that I lost consciousness, and when I recovered I found myself lying on a ledge of rock, but how I got there, whether carried thither by some great wave or upon some piece of wreck, I know not. The first thing I did was to make sure that I had no bones broken. I was not indeed hurt in any way, save that from head to foot I was covered with bruises, which were of small account. And then I turned to look at the wreck. We were surely landed in the worst place in the world; it was a narrow creek or bay between high cliffs, into which the sea rushed with violence inexpressible. Already the ship was broken up, save for the after-part, where there were still clinging two or three poor wretches; below my feet, in the boiling water, grinding against each other, were pieces of wreck, and, most terrible to see, there were mangled bodies of our poor fellows, dashed against the rocks and among the broken timbers. It is wonderful to think that any of us escaped.

"At first I thought that I was alone, the only man saved. But there were others, and I found that most of them, like myself, could not tell how they had got ashore, and why they were not, like their shipmates, dashed to pieces. There were fourteen of us in number, and no more came ashore; wherefore, seeing the violence of the waves, and the impossibility of swimming in such a sea, we concluded that the rest were all drowned. When the wind abated, which was the next day, we managed to get up to the rocks some of the timber and wreck washed ashore, and made some kind of shelter; but we could not light a fire, and it was now the winter season in these latitudes, and cold. There were one or two casks of provisions which reached the shore unbroken and not touched by the sea; we lived upon them while they lasted, our drink being rain-water, of which there was plenty. When this supply ceased we had nothing to subsist upon at all but shell-fish, of which there were at first great quantities, but we presently exhausted them, and then we had to leave our hut, such as it was, and to move on along the coast in order to find more. We were all the time as men in a dream, not knowing where we were nor what to do; all day we gazed stupidly at each other, and all night we crouched together for warmth. But when the time came that we must leave our rocks we began to take counsel. My companions were common sailors, rude and ignorant fellows; and as for me, I knew nothing except that I was certain that we must be somewhere upon the western shore of South America, that part of it which is called Patagonia. Now if we marched south, we should in time come to the Straits of Magellan, through which there might pass some ship; but how long we should wait, or how great the distance might be, we knew nothing. And every day's march would bring us into colder and more desolate regions. On the other hand, if we marched north, we might, in the long-run, reach the Spanish settlements, which are reported to stretch southward very far. But, again, should we reach them, it was most likely that they would murder us, or hand us over to the Inquisition to be burned alive for heretics. However, we decided in the end to march north, which we did, leaving behind four of our number who had died, partly of cold and partly of flux, brought on by the shell-fish diet, which afflicted us all in various ways. As for myself, it covered my whole body with an intolerable itching, which flew from one part to another, so that I got no rest day or night."

"We were by this time in as miserable a plight as ever befell shipwrecked sailors, for the weather was continually wet and cold; as for our clothes, they were rags, wet through day and night; we were pinched with hunger; we had not a shoe to our feet; there was not a single tool or weapon, not even a knife, among us. A man, gentlemen, without tools is in sorry case. So we began our way along the coast, which we durst not leave, partly for fear of wild beasts and natives, and partly because while we kept near the sea we should not starve. We wandered in this way, seeking such shelter as we could find, and always wet, cold, and half starved for a month or two—I know not how long. But one day we fell in with a tribe of Indians. By this time, I remember, there were only eight of us left. These men came to meet us, brandishing spears and threatening to kill us; while we, for our part, had nothing to do except to make signs showing how helpless and harmless we were. So they took us with them: and I think I never spent a happier evening than the first, when we lay upon the ground about a great fire, with broiled fish to eat and seal-skin to cover us. We had not been warm or dry for a matter of three months. As for living with them, we soon got tired of that life, except two of our company, who took Indian wives, and resolved to continue among them. For, like us, they lived by the sea-shore, having no knowledge of any agriculture, and devoured fish and mussels, oysters, and so forth, all of which were collected for them by their wives. I have never seen any more dexterous than these poor women in diving and catching fish, which they would drive, by frightening, into some small creek or inlet of the sea, whence they could not escape, and were easily captured. They also collected and ate certain berries, which were nauseous at first, but which we presently grew to consider as useful against the disorders caused by a fish diet. But as for the dirt and the vermin, and the savage nature of the life we led, I cannot so much as speak of these things. Sometimes when, by reason of storm and gales, fish was scarce, we were driven to live on the flesh of seals, and that putrid and stinking. And because we depended so much upon the mussels and oysters, we were obliged continually to shift our quarters, and slowly drew more and more northward, until at last we arrived at the most southerly of the Spanish settlements, which consisted of nothing else than a kind of convent and a church with four priests. For my own part, I approached the place with terror, thinking that the stake would be set up and the flames would be consuming us as soon as the priests should understand that we were Englishmen and Protestants. Well, gentlemen, they never so much as asked us of what religion we were. But these good priests—your reverence will forgive me—"

"There are charitable hearts in every country and in every religion," said the Vicar. "Why not in Magellanica?"

"They gave us clothes to put on; they washed and dressed our wounds, because by this time we were covered all over with sores and bad places. They gave us good food, and wine to drink, and they heard our story—one of them could speak English—with tears and pity. They told us that we must be sent to the nearest Spanish port as prisoners, but bade us be of good courage, because we should be treated well."

"In those remote parts," said the Vicar, "the Pope and the Inquisition being so far off, there is room for the growth of human feelings, even with priests."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

"After six months of living with them—a better and a more charitable brotherhood I never hope to meet—there came an opportunity of conveying us to the island of Chiloe, where there is a Spanish Governor. Now I reckon that the ship was cast away two years and a half after we sailed, it being then midwinter, which, on the coast of Patagonia, is in the month of July; and I think that we lived with the Indians for the space of two years; it was time enough to wear out all that were left of our rags, so that we went into the convent with nothing but seal-skin over our shoulders, tied round the waist with a thong of seal-skin leather. We staid at Chiloe, where we were treated more hardly than with the priests, yet not cruelly, for three or four months, when the Governor was able to send us on to the port of Callao."

"He is now," said the Admiral, "prisoner of the Spanish, and within reach of the Bloody Inquisition. Snowball, fill up Mr. Easterbrook's glass. Keep it full, ye lubber! at such a time he needs all the punch he can swallow."

"Out of the whole ship's company, there remained now but six. They put us in prison, but they gave us wine and food, chiefly beans, bread, and onions, as good as they had themselves, and sometimes chocolate. Presently there came a priest, and began to talk about our heretical condition, and the dangers we ran should we continue in obstinacy. This made us mighty uneasy, as you may imagine, because the Inquisition—the Holy Inquisition, as they call it—is established at Lima, whither, the Padre informed us, we should shortly be taken. It seemed likely that we had only escaped drowning to suffer the rack and the stake. I hope, gentlemen, that I should have done my duty even to the end, had there been no escape. Meantime I cast about how to get out of their clutches. We had a good deal of liberty within the prison, and many visitors came there bringing cigarettos, which are rolls of paper containing tobacco, to the prisoners, who were mostly half-caste, in prison for stabbing, or sailors for mutiny, the authorities caring little how their prisoners pass the time so long as they are kept in limbo. In this way I made the acquaintance of an honest Frenchman, captain of a trading brig, who, I found, hated the priests and all their works, and took pity on me, seeing that I must either become a convert or be burned. He therefore brought me a disguise, and conveyed me safely out of prison on board his own ship, where I remained stowed away in the hold until he sailed out of harbor. As for the other men, three of them recanted their errors, as they called it, and walked in the procession at an Auto-da-Fé at Lima, where the other poor fellows, who stuck by their guns, were burned alive.

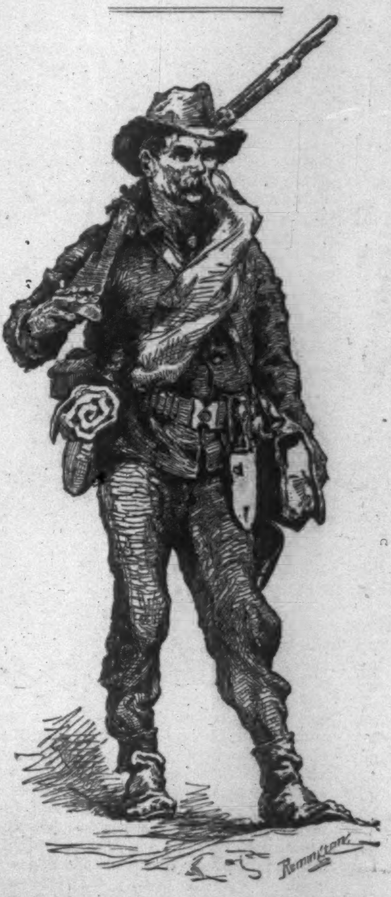
"As for me, I worked before the mast, and found the French sailors, when I could talk their lingo, an honest set of fellows. But when we got to Brest, we learned that war had broken out; and so I was a prisoner again, and marched as a common sailor, with others in the same plight, from one place to another, till we came to St. Omer."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOREST FIRES IN THE NORTHWEST.

Forest fires of unusual severity have recently been raging in Wisconsin and Michigan. Year after year an almost incalculable amount of damage is done by these conflagrations in the woods, but the inhabitants seem powerless to devise any means by which they can be prevented. Fifteen years ago northern Wisconsin and Michigan were visited by an exceptionally disastrous fire scourge, which laid waste miles upon miles of valuable timber land, but that was as nothing compared to the forest fires which broke out during the first week of this month, for whereas fifteen years ago flames might sweep a vast territory in that region without finding any human habitation to feed upon, the same country is to-day dotted with a number of thriving villages, and the record of losses by the recent conflagration is therefore a long and pitiful one. It was estimated on August 11, upon which date the flames were still eating their way through the large forests in the northern tier of counties in Wisconsin, that 500 families in Calumet, Clark, Marathon, and a few adjacent counties had been rendered homeless by the great conflagration, and that more than thirty saw-mills had been destroyed and many acres of ripening grain laid waste. Equally disastrous reports were brought from various points in Michigan.

The most conspicuous work of destruction accredited to the fires in Wisconsin was the burning of the town of Spencer. This was a growing and prosperous place in Marathon County, on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, about 200 miles northwest of Milwaukee. Its industries were chiefly connected with lumber. It had a population of about 1000, and before the fire possessed two large steam saw-mills, a wood-turning factory, several more or less pretentious churches, a graded school, and a handsome new music-hall. For several days the fires had raged furiously in the timbered land outlying the town, when suddenly a stiff southwest wind turned the flames directly upon the village. An extensive lumber-yard lying on the outskirts of the place was first to take fire. It was then seen that the little town was doomed. In the course of a few hours two-thirds of the place was in ashes. The wind was blowing fiercely at the time, and although the inhabitants, with such of their effects as they could carry in their arms, were able to get to points of safety, a large number of cattle and hogs were unable to escape, and were burned to death. The towns of Colby and Prentice were also partially destroyed, and Chippewa Falls was menaced by surrounding flames, which were, however, successfully driven back by the efforts of the inhabitants. In Michigan much alarm was felt for the safety of the beautiful town of Marquette. The forest fires blazed furiously in its vicinity, and but for a sudden change in the wind a portion of the town would inevitably have been destroyed. At one time the whole forest shore of Lake Superior appeared to be in a blaze, and the sun was so thoroughly obscured and the atmosphere so dense with smoke that navigation upon the lake near the Michigan coast was rendered extremely difficult.



OUR SOLDIERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

If the present or any other controversy of our government with Mexico should ever bring our soldiers in the Southwest prominently and critically into public attention, they would have no need to fear judgment of their bravery. But their manner of life would not excite envy. Their uniform would attract attention, but it would hardly be regarded as a model of military dress. Whether or not they do "thirteen dollars' worth of fighting" every month, no other men in the government's service so well earn their pay. The military service done by General Miles's troops in the Southwestern border is as onerous and as barren of opportunities for achieving renown as ever fell to soldiers in any land. They cannot attack the enemy, whip him, and be done with it. They seldom have the pleasure of a battle, but they may at any time suffer an attack. They have to do a sort of police service, which may on a sudden become warfare over a large area. The marauding Indians have no homes, no base of operations, no supplies to be cut off, no military code, no purpose or plan more definite than to wander about the mountains, to take their revenge, and to gratify their passion for cruelty. But while the Apaches can desist from fighting at any time, and retreat to renew their supplies by plunder, the soldiers must be always on guard, must subsist on scanty fare, must camp without tents, where there are no trees, and are as far removed from the luxury of life in the least attractive garrison as an explorer is from civilization.

The individual troopers that Mr. Remington presents in the accompanying illustrations are men who are never safe from death by an Apache surprise. Their camp may any night be their burial-place. But they can never be surprised out of a heroic mood. Their personal careers may have been uneventful except for their fights, but they are as far from being commonplace men as they are from being refined. Their biographies, if condensed after the fashion of the biographies of "our prominent citizens," would contain nothing more notable than such notes as these: Jack Hayward, a tall young fellow, born in Connecticut, became bankrupt in New York; did not know what else to do, so he enlisted, and discovered that he was born with uncommon capacity for Apache warfare. The grizzly veteran, who looks like a pirate, has enlisted five times. Of course he swore every time that he would never enlist again; but he was not happy out of the army. Another is a scarred soldier who got his military training in the Prussian service; and another is an Irishman who kept going West without knowing why, and who tried to earn a living one way and then another for the same reason, and without being able to explain it any more than he could foresee it, he found a soldier's life on the frontier not only a tolerable but an ideal life. The play-day soldiers have all been rejected, or have deserted before this severe test of endurance and bravery has been reached, and if you were to ransack your whole philosophy for an explanation why these men endure such hardships without hope of military glory, and without chance of reward in money or in renown, you would find no better explanation than their own —"Oh, we like it!" The military vanity surely is not gratified by dress parades or impressive accoutrements. General Miles himself wears buttons that do not glitter, boots that do not shine, a uniform the color and weight of which have been changed by many undisturbed deposits of dust. One spur is missing, and his trousers have been reënforced with buck-skin, his hat is battered, and a soldier never had a better sun-tanned face.

The Indian "trailers" from San Carlos, who are employed by the government, are as savage in appearance for Indians as the troopers are for white men. They belong to one tribe of the Apaches, but they are as unlike the stolid Indians of the Northwest as if they were of a wholly different race. They have quick motions, are runners of uncommon swiftness and of almost incredible endurance; and they are as cruel as they are alert. The Mexican, José Marie, who is their interpreter, has won a certain authority over them by his vocal energy. He was captured by them when a child, and adopted into the tribe, by whom he is considered as respectable an Apache as a Yaque mongrel can become.

The personality of many of these soldiers never passes beyond the sergeant's knowledge, and many deeds of heroism in this fitful and long war with the Apaches is never heard of beyond the camp fires of their comrades. The brave conduct of Lieutenant Clark, of the Tenth (colored) Cavalry, in rescuing, under fire, the wounded Corporal Scott, was such conduct as makes military history interesting. But for Corporal Scott's telling of the story, while he lay in the hospital, it might never have been heard outside General Miles's camp. One of Lieutenant Clark's troopers, who saw him expose himself to the fire of the enemy in an open space to rescue the wounded man, then found expression for his admiration in the most vigorous language of the camp vocabulary: "De Injuns jes fairly ploughed up de groun' wid bullets, when he run, an' never tuk no notice what was gwine on no more'n if de man 'd jes fell down in a fiel' anywhar. He'd 've fairly dusted 'way fum dar to save he own hide whole if he wa'n't a—fightin' man—fightin' man, I tell you, an' it jes do 'im good ter see a —— Injun. An' he don't forgit a man in his 'stress." It is deeds of unselfish bravery like this, when done on battle-fields that whole armies are watching and war correspondents see, that make heroes of men for all the world to admire. But the admiration of his comrades is as sweet to the trooper as praise in print could be; and sweeter than either is the feeling of having done a soldier's duty. The love of such service and the satisfaction that comes of doing a dangerous duty bravely and generously are the same to the born soldier in the Southwestern mountains as on a battle-field that will become historic; and this must be why these men love this hard life.

EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE.

Professor Edward Sylvester Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has been chosen to preside at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science appointed to be held at Buffalo this year during the seven days beginning with Wednesday, August 18. Professor Morse ranks as one of the most eminent evolutionists in America, having made valuable contributions to the mass of facts which have given evolutionary principles substantially universal acceptance in the scientific world to-day. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1838, and is still a young man, as one reckons in the field of learning; younger still if estimated by the truer standard of physical vitality and intellectual promise. He may be said to have become a scientist at the age of thirteen, when he began the systematic collection of shells and minerals. Shells first attracted his attention, and in 1857 he made a welcome contribution to the collections of the Boston Society of Natural History. He finished his schooling at the academy in Bethel, Maine, where he was more interested in the woods and fields and their treasures than in the classics. In 1868 he demonstrated how the stream that enters Portland Harbor in ancient times flowed in a different bed, and this bed he defined on a map.

His first experience in practical life was as a mechanical draughtsman in the Portland Locomotive Works, and afterward he drew on wood in a Boston engraving establishment. He thus acquired the power of sketching with striking rapidity and minute exactness. This accomplishment has been of inestimable value in his scientific work. He has illustrated his own essays; his celebrated book on *Japanese Homes* contains scores of beautiful cuts from his own drawings; and his lectures on science, for which he has gained extensive popularity, are extemporaneously illustrated by black-board drawings—which he makes with both hands, having the fortune to be ambidextrous.

Beginning with 1852, he was for several years a student under Agassiz at the Museum of Comparative Anatomy in Cambridge. Here he began to make a specialty of brachiopods, and he continued his investigations for many years. The result was an important contribution to science that gained the commendation of Darwin and other eminent Europeans. The founder of the evolutionary theory honored him with several letters on this subject, and about other features of Professor Morse's work which had come to his attention, in terms of the heartiest praise and encouragement.

He removed to Salem in 1866, and there, with Professor Packard, became one of the founders of the *American Naturalist* magazine, originally published there, but now issued in Philadelphia as the leading natural science periodical in this country. In 1868 he was made a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; in 1871 Bowdoin College gave him the honorary title of Doctor of Philosophy; in 1874 he was elected to a university lectureship at Harvard; in 1876 he was chosen Fellow of the National Academy of Sciences, and in the same year he was elected Vice-President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, delivering at Buffalo the following year a notable address, devoted to a consideration of American contributions to the evolutionary theory.

While actively investigating marine zoology he visited Japan to make some coast dredgings. This visit turned out to be of great importance in his career. His work attracted the attention of the Japanese government, which induced him to accept the chair of zoology in the new Imperial University just then established at Tokio. After thoroughly organizing his department, and laying handsome foundations for the splendid collections which have since been made in his field for the Imperial Museum, he resigned his post, feeling his place of duty to be in his native land, and left a country to which he had become warmly attached by many ties of friendship, taste, and sympathy. While occupying his post in Japan he came home on a winter vacation to meet some lecture engagements, and in 1882 he made a third visit to Japan to continue studies he had instituted and complete a tour through the entire length of the empire. He made a scientific study of Japanese pottery, and the exceptional opportunities which he enjoyed enabled him to make the largest and most valuable collection in the world. He was led to this study by making some examinations of prehistoric pottery found in the famous Omari shell heap. A cut for the railway had been made through it, and Professor Morse was immediately struck by its similarity to those found along the New England coast. Taking the first opportunity to examine it, he was rewarded by finding many traces of an ancient race which occupied the land even before the Ainos, the hairy people, now of the northern islands, who were dispossessed by the present Japanese race, which has lived there over 2000 years.

Professor Morse has always followed his investigations—many of them costly through their extensiveness, elaboration, length, and necessity for wide travel—at his own expense, and to carry these on he has therefore been obliged to increase his income through lecturing on scientific subjects. This necessity, however, has proven an advantage to him, for it has compelled him to acquire a broad knowledge in the general field of natural science. This has given him an equipment that has made him something more than a specialist, and enabled him to engage in diverse fields with equal knowledge and interest. As in his drawing, so in his general studies, he makes one hand help the other.

He is as enthusiastic in ethnological and archæological investigations as in zoology. His warm human sympathies and quick and accurate power of observation give him a particular fitness for ethnological work. In this field he has made a specialty of the Japanese people, and his first published result is his handsome work on *Japanese Homes*, giving a mass of systematic information as to details of the domestic environments of the people such as has probably not been accomplished for any other country.

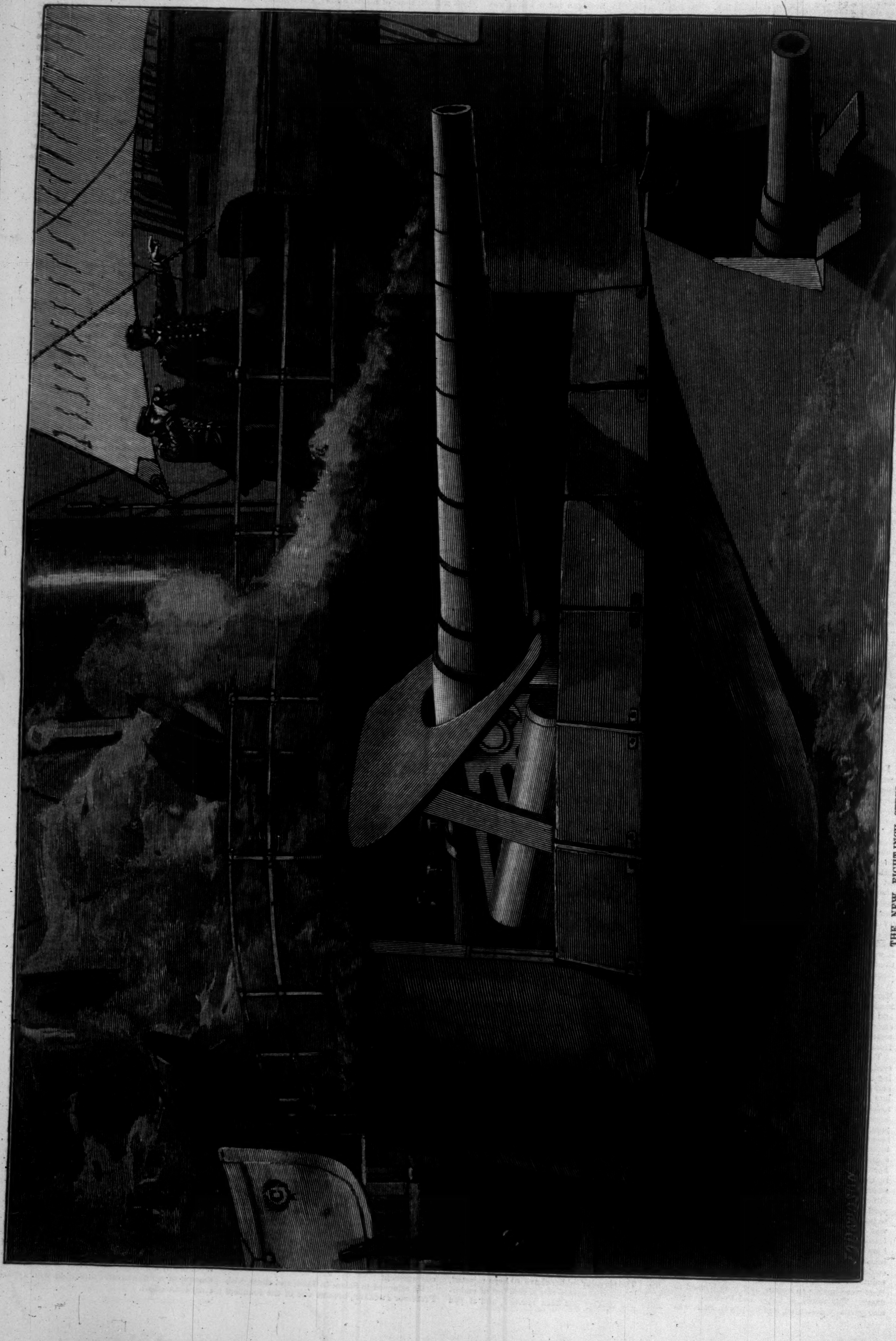
Professor Morse has just completed a piece of original and elaborate ethnological work, being an account of the different methods of releasing the arrow from the bow practised by various races, far back in antiquity as well as to-day. It had not been noticed that there was any difference, but the attention of Professor Morse, who is an excellent archer, was accidentally called to the fact that different races had different releases, and with characteristic energy he at once set about making a study of it. His work will shortly be published, with many illustrations, by the Peabody Academy of Science, at the head of which he has been since his return from his Japanese professorship. He draws some valuable conclusions from his observations.

A valuable contribution to archæology is his paper on "Man in the Tertiaries," read before the American Association at its Philadelphia meeting, showing that research, as far back as it has gone into remote geological periods, shows not the slightest convergence of the human species toward the lower orders, and therefore demonstrating the extreme antiquity of man.

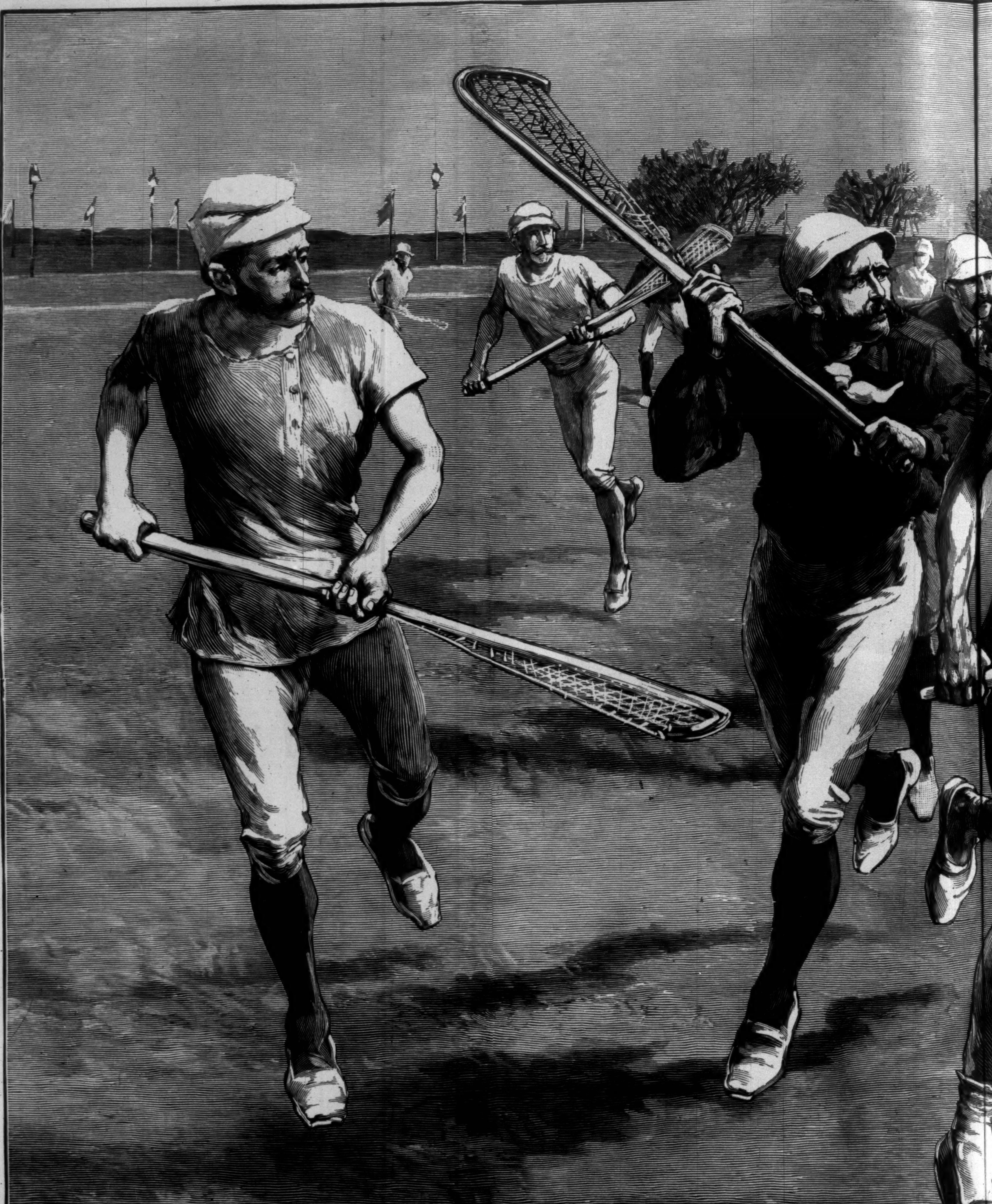
Besides the printed works mentioned, Professor Morse's literary work includes a considerable list of publications in the shape of essays in pamphlet form and contributions to various periodicals and the proceedings of scientific societies, besides a *First Book in Zoology*, illustrated by the author, and a favorite text-book for schools here and in England, while two translations have appeared in Germany. In zoology Professor Morse's special field is embryology, and he has taken particular satisfaction in tracing connections between little-known species.

Professor Morse also deserves mention as an inventor, his faculty for original investigation finding expression also in this field. Among his inventions are a game of battle, a museum shelf-bracket which has become a standard feature for both museums and libraries, an apparatus for practically utilizing the heat of the sun for warming apartments, and a "pamphlet jacket" for keeping pamphlets in sets without trouble.

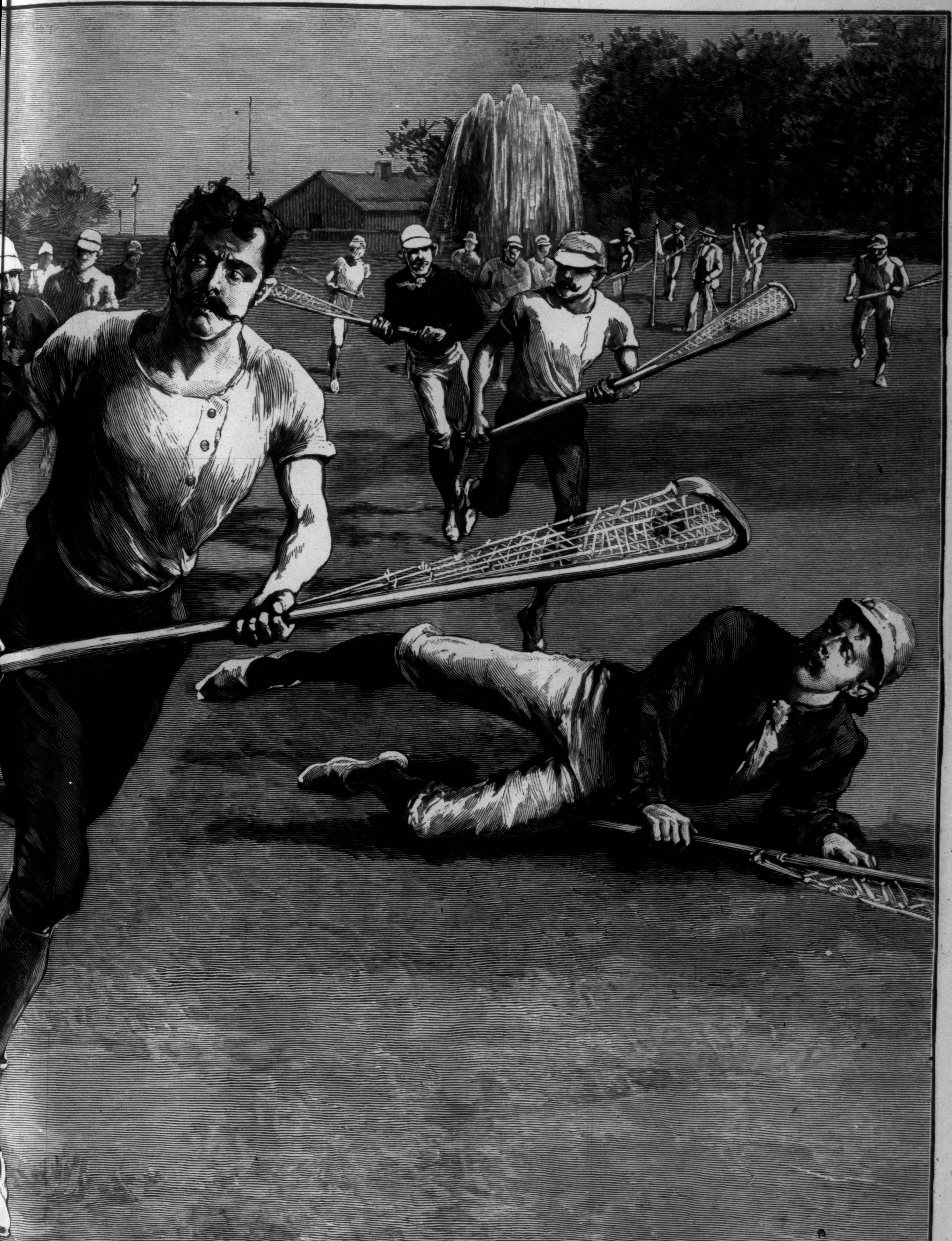
In his scientific work he pursues a thorough system, and maintains such order in his arrangements as to turn his attention to any desired thing with slight trouble. This is one of the secrets of his ability to accomplish an astonishing amount of work in diverse directions with apparently little effort.



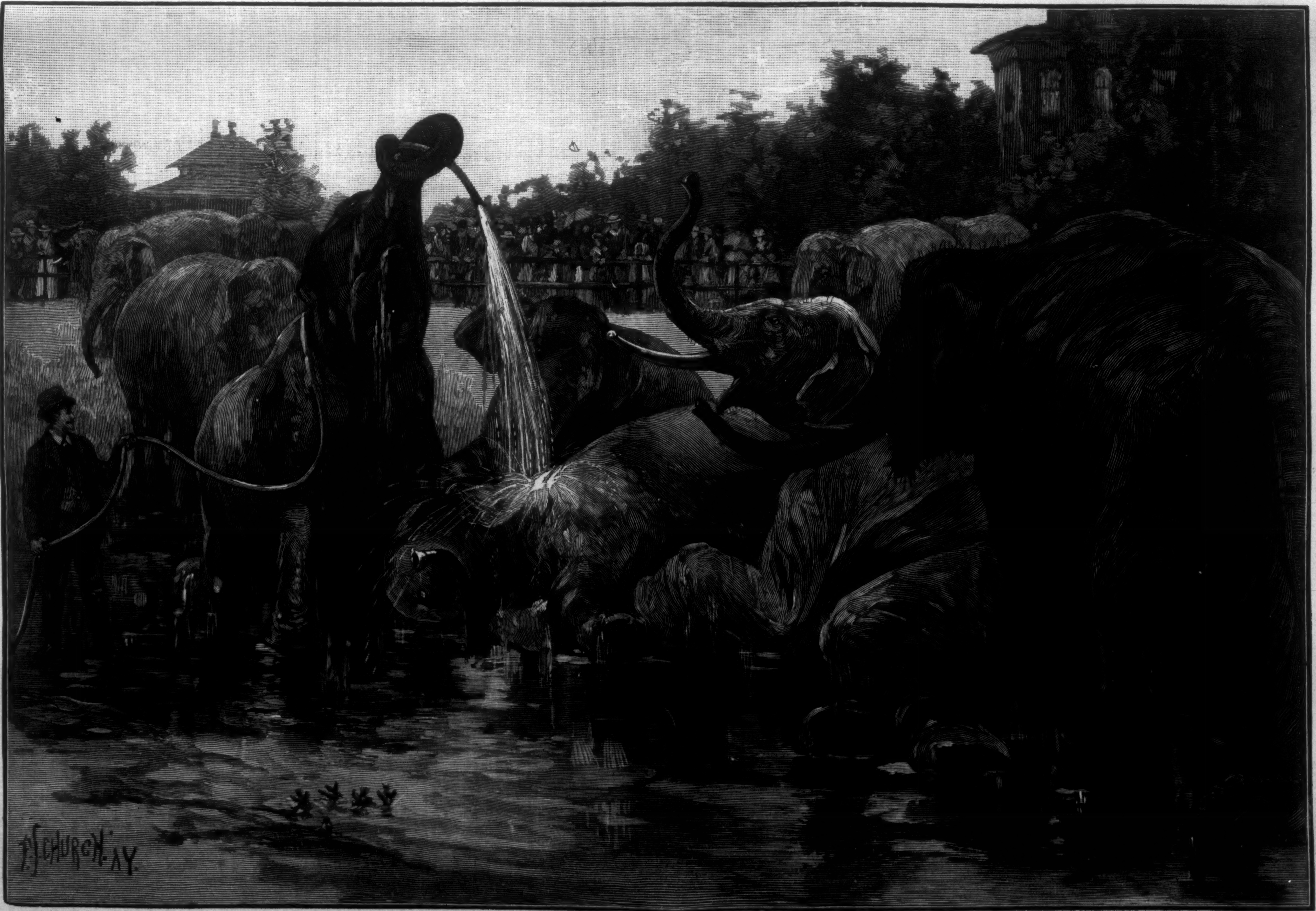
THE NEW EIGHT-INCH STEEL RIFLED GUN FOR THE "ATLANTA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 538.]



LACROSSE—“HARD PRESSED.”—DRAW



BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 539.]


F.S.CHURCH. N.Y.

BATHING THE ELEPHANTS IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 538.]

BY THE THIRD PILLAR.

A RICHFIELD IDYL.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.)

SCENE—RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

Au premier plan (as the French say), piazza of the New American.

Au second plan, street with Tally-Ho coach for Canaderaga Lake drawn up.

Au fond, Spring-house Park, with overarching trees, rustic seats, walks, etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALICE MUSGROVE, *a young widow.*
COLONEL JAMES FIELDING DRAKE, *a bachelor.*

ALICE *is leaning against the third pillar on the piazza, looking thoughtfully over into the park.* COLONEL DRAKE *comes up behind her. She turns before he has spoken.*

Alice. You so early!

Colonel. Didn't you say I might?

Alice. Possibly. You have breakfasted?

Colonel. I'm sure I forget.

Alice (laughing). Then it is true.

Colonel. True! What? I don't know.

Alice. Then it is true [*clapping her hands*]. Your mental state assures me.

Colonel. You compliment me; I never have a mental state this early in the morning.

Alice. Then you take advantage of my good-nature. I don't entertain minds *en déshabillé.* But yours, I understand, is made up.

Colonel. I am troubled. Do you know, it is a serious affair, this marrying.

Alice. My poor friend, one only marries once.

Colonel. But perhaps that is once too much.

Alice. You are in a cheerful frame of mind. Miss Manifold, I am told, is quite charming.

Colonel. Yes, charming, as you say. She plays on the piano very well. I detest music, but I appreciate her talent just as much.

Alice. You really are amusing.

Colonel. Why should I not be? Men whistle to keep their courage up; soldiers sing on going into battle. It seems I am to be enrolled in the great regiment of married men.

Alice (starts, moves away). I must get my hat. You are going on the coach, aren't you? Miss Manifold is going.

Colonel (languidly). No. Yes; she had a previous engagement with Charlie Dawson. Naturally I don't claim anything until older scores are settled. Dawson is the preferred creditor.

Alice (absently). I must get my things.

Colonel. Yes, go get your things, but don't hurry. [ALICE *exit.*

[*After* ALICE *goes, young men and young women in summer attire, adorned with badges, and each carrying a tin horn streaming with ribbons, come out with much clatter, and mount the coach. When they are settled, some one exclaims,* "MRS. MUSGROVE!" *Cries for* MRS. MUSGROVE. COLONEL *steps from behind the pillar.*

Colonel. I don't think she's going. In fact, I'm sure she's not. You'd better be off. The sun is fierce enough now, but look out for a shower.

[*They drive off with laughter, blowing their horns, and unloosing a section of Pandemonium as they go up the street.* ALICE *comes back, with her hat on, and parasol, fan, and gloves in her hand.*

Colonel. How could you be so long? They have gone.

Alice. How mean! I think they might have waited a moment for me.

Colonel. It was my fault. I told them it was going to rain. I don't want Miss Manifold to get wet, and her clothes spoiled. She wears very nice clothes. Now that white pea-jacket of hers—

Alice (very soberly). Jersey.

Colonel. You don't laugh: I meant you to. The truth is, I told them a sort of lie—said you weren't going. I didn't mean you should.

Alice. Why this interference in my movements—with my pleasures?

Colonel. Misery wants company: that is to say, I want some one to whom I can pour out my bright anticipations of the future.

Alice. Aren't you relying something too much on my sympathy?

Colonel. I'll bribe you to the extent of two lemonades—long ones. I'm going to call that colored Adonis in brown livery for the equipments.

[*Boy comes, puts a table between them with two large glasses of lemonade and straws.*

Colonel (places a seat for ALICE, *and sits down opposite).* Does this in any way mitigate my offence?

Alice. It is very nice.

Colonel. It is delicious. Let us fancy ourselves in a piazza devastated of all human beings except ourselves.

Alice. What wholesale destruction! Poor people, and they enjoy it so much!

Colonel. Don't disturb my fancy. Mrs. Musgrove, we are in a planked and pillared solitude.

Alice. At least let us spare poor old Miss Morton, who has crept out here to hear the music.

Colonel (taking lemonade through his straw). Well, I've a tender heart. She shall be simply non-existent. And as for the twanging of fiddles, that is but the twitter of the birds in the trees that shelter our solitude.

Alice. Yes, chirping the *Gypsy Baron.* Your imagination is lively, at least.

Colonel. Yes, this is our cot; here is our honey-dew. We have everything but our hearts. Mine, of course, has gone around the lake with Miss Manifold.

Alice (with scorn). It will not add to the load. There is not enough of it. Don't deny it. It is not large enough to really love any woman. Once men were prodigals. They lavished their love; they were reckless, perhaps extravagant, but they were happy. To-day men possess neither love nor illusions. They are old without ever having been young; they are bankrupt without having ever expended. They are like the beggars who hold out their hands—"Only a penny, please."

Colonel. And would you refuse?

Alice. Not a cent for such, sir.

Colonel (looking at her for a moment). Well, if love has lost its illusions, it is the fault of your sex. Love is second best in a woman's life.

Alice. What is first?

Colonel. Dress, position, fashion.

Alice (laughs scornfully). Men's talk!

Colonel. Did you ever cry in your life?

Alice. Possibly.

Colonel. Yes, if your dress didn't fit, or the woman didn't send it home in time. But did you ever cry tears—real tears?

Alice (laughs). I'll never confess.

Colonel. That is enough. When a man tells you he loves you, you laugh.

Alice. In women frivolity is but a mask. We play we are women of the world, and wear the costumes of the rôle.

Colonel. Marvellously well, too. It is that comedy that frightens me. A man thinks he knows the woman he is to marry. He never has seen her; she is wrapped in an impenetrable veil. By-the-way, can you swim?

Alice. Yes.

Colonel. Then you know how it feels to jump in the water. The heart beats; the throat stops up; there is a hideous sound in the ears. Ugh! Marriage is for me much the same thing. I throw myself in the water, but I'm sure I'm going to drown.

Alice. How Miss Manifold would love to hear you!

Colonel. I am not speaking of Miss Manifold, but of marriage. If ever a woman seemed to promise to her husband a calm, unruffled married life, it is she.

[ALICE *gets up and leans against the pillar.* COLONEL DRAKE *watches her, pretending to play with his straw. She opens and shuts a fan in her hand.*

Colonel. That is a pretty fan. Who did that?

Alice. You admire it? I.

Colonel. You painted that! When do you find time to do such things?

Alice. When I am alone.

Colonel. Alone! I never think of a woman except on a piazza, in a cotillion. Do you love to be alone?

Alice. Yes, at times.

Colonel. I thought you were a passionate worldling.

Alice. You have given me that much consideration? [*Bows.*] I like the world; I find it diverting. Then I like to be alone and reflect on what I've seen.

Colonel. You can't persuade me that at your age and with your attractions you regard the world so philosophically.

Alice. Let us talk of something else—of the riding party to Rum Hill this afternoon.

Colonel. She won't answer me.

Alice. Your question seems to me the least bit impertinent.

Colonel. I beg pardon. I only meant to say that you must find the homage of men sweet. [ALICE *waves her hand, as if to dismiss the subject.* COLONEL *goes on.*] The homage least sought for to the woman the least coquettish is a sugar-plum she crunches with pleasure.

Alice. I am not a *gourmande.*

Colonel. It is a pretty fault. Then I suppose you do not comprehend jealousy?

Alice. A pretty question! Do you?

Colonel. Not at all. It is the malady of another age. It belongs to the days of old stuffs, stiff brocades, alike on both sides. These are diaphanous days.

Alice. Then I belong to another age. My feelings are cloth of gold.

Colonel. You are formidable.

Alice. Very amiable. Perhaps to you, not to others.

Colonel (eagerly). What others?

Alice. That is of no importance to you.

Colonel (very much interested). Tell me who. Ah! I know—that long-legged dude over at the other house that takes you out in his cart.

Alice. You think so?

Colonel. It is just such fellows to whom the good things of this life fall.

Alice (bows). I thank you in both our names.

Colonel. Very well; it only remains for me to tender my congratulations.

[*Rises, and extends his hand angrily.*

Alice (laughing). Are you going to leave me, after cheating me out of my ride?

Colonel. Why should I stay?

Alice. You are very funny. You ask questions, and answer them. You arrange my affairs to suit yourself, and then get angry at them. At the worst we are in the same boat.

Colonel. But it is particularly exasperating to see a woman marry—another man for love.

Alice. That is a generous sentiment.

Colonel. Then it is true that you are engaged—that you love him?

Alice. My feelings, I must assert, do not concern you.

Colonel. Then I have the honor to bid you good-morning.

[COLONEL *walks hastily away.* ALICE *sits down and leans her head on her hand.* COLONEL *goes to the steps, and then comes back.*

Alice. You again!

Colonel. Pardon. Our conversation made me forget a favor I wanted to ask.

Alice. You look so penitent, I can't treat you as you deserve. Sit down.

Colonel. You are hard on me. I came with the most innocent intentions; then you poured aphorisms, philosophy, mockeries, on to my devoted head. But we are friends again, aren't we?

Alice (holds out her hand). The best.

Colonel (sits). I have a favor, as I said. Miss Manifold is so perfect a creature—perfect to every fold of her drapery, her bronze slippers, and her embroidered handkerchief. Now you, who have such exquisite tact, and are such an old friend, tell me, when the rice and slippers are thrown and we are at last alone together, what I shall say to her so as not to disturb her holy calm. If you only knew what a coward I am!

Alice. Ask your own heart.

Colonel. But you've told me I have none.

Alice. Then ask your wits.

Colonel. But I want yours.

Alice. Miss Manifold will aid you. This isn't my funeral. [*Laughs hysterically.*

Colonel. True; but before the final performance I must have a rehearsal. Now here is really an occasion for friendship. Come, suppose you were Miss Manifold. We are married, and you are in the corner of the carriage and I opposite. Wait a moment. [*He jumps up and arranges the chairs vis-à-vis; places the table so it screens them.*] Here, take this book for your travelling bag; it will assist your imagination. Come, put on your hat.

Alice (ties on her hat). You are very amusing.

Colonel. What a pretty hat! That bird ought to be glad he can't fly.

Alice. Why?

Colonel. He seems so happy on your head. There, put down your veil: your eyes embarrass me. [*He seats himself opposite her.*] H-m. Charming ride, is it not?

Alice. Yes. [*Silence.*

Colonel. Do you feel comfortable, dear?

Alice. Yes, thanks. [*Another silence.*

Colonel. Do you love to travel?

Alice. If it pleases you.

Colonel. Pshaw! If you only answer in monosyllables, how can we converse? It can't be as difficult as you make it.

Alice. Then why don't you ask something I can answer? It isn't my fault you have no more imagination.

Colonel. Oh, you look at me so through your veil. You think I don't see, but I do.

Alice. You are impossible. I lend myself to a whim of doubtful taste, and then you quarrel with me. [*Half rises.*

Colonel. No, please don't; I'll be good. Let us go on, my dear Alice.

Alice. You forget, sir.

Colonel (gets up and sits beside her). Pardon, my dear Miss Manifold. Oh, I forgot you're married. What is her name? My dear Diana, at last I am with you alone. I have so much to say.

[*He takes her hand. She draws it back.*

Alice. Miss Morton will see you. You must imagine the hand.

Colonel. You forget; she doesn't even exist. Very well. My dear little wife! What a pretty word! [*Reaches for her hand again.*] And what a pretty hand! I have always hoped to be led by such a hand. You will see how tender and submissive I will be. No blind man's dog—

Alice. I decline to think of myself as a beggar on Union Square.

Colonel. Very well. No poodle—

Alice. There, again!

Colonel. But a dog is the embodiment of perfect love and obedience. You see we will have to keep the dog. Tell me, my dear Diana, are you not glad that we are at last married?

Alice (briskly). Certainly. Now I can have diamonds and old lace and an establishment, and spend money and dazzle everybody.

Colonel. And what place do you assign your husband?

Alice. Oh, he is the master of the house.

Colonel. Is that all? You love him?

Alice. Certainly—a woman's duty.

Colonel. Would you love only from duty?

Alice. I do not know; that would depend on him.

Colonel. And what must he do to be loved?

Alice. Well, he should begin by being in love himself.

Colonel (earnestly). You are right. Why should a man act as if love was something to be ashamed of? Why should he ignore his emotions, and conceal his feelings under a mask of raillery until it becomes part of his countenance? You are a true woman—one whose thoughts are not placed on diamonds and fripperies. You shall see my inmost thoughts. I too have dreamed of love in marriage. I do not separate them. I have longed for deep affection and mutual esteem. I have believed that if I could reach the heart of a true woman, and show her my real sentiments, she would understand them, and possibly her heart respond. I have had my dreams, Alice, of pleasant journeys with her by my side; of solitary evenings by the fireside with her, now talking, now reading together some favorite book; I have had glimpses of her white dress wandering in the garden; I have shared happiness with her, and we have borne grief together; I have traversed my whole life with her hand in mine. [*He takes her hand.*

Alice (troubled). What do you mean? Are you in sport?

Colonel. You see I am not. I swear no other woman has ever heard, or ever will hear again, the words I have just uttered.

Alice. This is not a rehearsal? Am I Alice, or am I Miss Manifold?

Colonel. You are Alice. It is to her I have spoken. It is she who has listened—Alice, the woman I love. [*Bends over her hand to kiss it.*

Alice (nervously). Miss Morton will see you.

Colonel. Hang that old woman!

Alice. Then our journey has ended.

Colonel. No, dear, it is only going to begin, if you will join me.

[*A toot-tooting is heard. The coach drives up.*

Alice. And Miss Manifold?

Colonel. Oh, she has had her trip. Besides, Dawson has a tenor voice, and she can play his accompaniments.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

ELEPHANTS IN A BATH.

WHEN MR. P. T. BARNUM, at the beginning of his season this year, left fourteen elephants, big and little, in the care of the Park Commissioners, he probably knew better than they did (the Commissioners, not the elephants) what a splendid legacy of amusement he was bequeathing to the patrons of Central Park. The Park Department was entirely willing to board the fourteen elephants for such services as they could render in the edification and entertainment of visitors to the Park during the dull and silly season, but it is doubtful if the Commissioners fully appreciated the talents and capabilities of these boarders. Now that Bombé, the rhinoceros whose portrait, together with a brief history of his short and lamentable career in New York, was published in these pages a few weeks ago, is dead, the task of entertaining Central Park visitors with genuine zoological hospitality has fallen rather heavily upon the shoulders of "Mr. Crowley," the trained and gifted chimpanzee, and the visiting elephants. To be sure, the lions and the tigers consent to pace indolently backward and forward in their airy summer cages before the eyes of a pleasure-seeking public, but there is nothing in the nature of cordiality about their reception of the people. Their thoughts appear to be wholly and selfishly devoted to the anticipation of their next meal; and when one reflects upon the inordinate excellence of their appetites, and their utter impartiality concerning the character of their food, so only that its ingredients are flesh and blood, this eternal readiness for dinner at somebody else's expense, as expressed in their great round roaming eyes, has a tendency to reduce them to the level of common "dead beats" and bores.

There is a wide distinction in prepositions, and when a lion or a tiger, either at Central Park or any other summer resort, instead of saying politely, "I will dine with you," remarks with an emphatic roar that he will dine *on* you, it is not wise to infer that he has simply fallen into that trifling grammatical error which frequently leads a gentleman of the plains who desires that you shall drink *with* him to say, "The drinks are *on* me." Lions and tigers may have their faults, but inaccuracy in the outspoken expression of their sentiments and motions is not one of them. The elephants, though thick-skinned, are by no means insensible to the mutual requirements of society. They are polite and attentive not only to visitors, but toward one another.

The scene which is illustrated on another page of this issue is one which you may witness upon almost any fair day at about the hour of 3 P.M. in the elephant enclosure at the Park. It is not perhaps recorded in any work upon natural history, either popular or scientific, that there are any marked points of similarity between the elephant and the canary-bird; indeed, their somewhat widely different personal appearance and entirely dissimilar habits make anything like a comparison difficult. If there is any one living creature who is not happy or felicitous in the use of his voice it is the elephant. It seems absolutely impossible for him to speak in a whisper, and the extremely high natural register of his voice has a tendency to impart to his declamation, even at the most impassioned moments, an element of absurdity. The canary-bird, on the other hand, although not the peer of the elephant in some other respects, is peculiarly fortunate in the arrangement of its vocal organs. Nevertheless there is this undeniable point of resemblance, that both elephants and canary-birds are fond of their daily bath, and are extremely amusing while in the enjoyment of it. The elephant in the accompanying picture, who has the hose pipe in her trunk, is a small and highly intelligent beast, named "Grace." Judging from the mischief in which she indulges during the bathing hour, by snatching up the hose whenever the keeper lays it down for a moment, and deluging the eyes and mouths of her companions with it, her appellation is the diminutive for "Scapegrace." The elephants at the Park are not led to any neighboring pool for their afternoon bath. An artificial pool is formed by turning a powerful hose upon them as they stand in their enclosure, in which pool, so soon as it is sufficiently deep, the great jolly comfortable-looking beasts delight to sport and wallow. They enjoy themselves quite as much as the canary-bird, and have this decided advantage, that there are no feathers worth speaking of to be dried when the bath is at an end.

THE NEW STEEL RIFLED GUN.

THE first 8-inch steel gun ever built in America has just been satisfactorily tested at Annapolis, and is now ready for its destination, the new war steamer *Atlanta.* It is, of course, like other modern guns, a breech-loading rifle, and is the first of a number required for the armament of the cruisers *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago.* The 6-inch steel breech-loading rifles forming a part of the armament of the same vessels, and used also in others, are already familiar. The steel forgings for the latter were made at the Midvale Steel Works; but as there was no plant in the country capable of producing 8-inch forgings at the time they were needed for the new steel cruisers, the government was compelled to get these forgings in England, and the machine finishing of the guns has been done in our country. The Midvale Company has since been making parts of an all-steel 8-inch rifle, for supplying the West Point Foundery, and the time will soon come when not only 8-inch, but 10-inch, 12-inch, and probably even 16-inch steel rifle guns will be made entirely in this country, both forgings and finishings. The manufacture of these modern high-power guns has been hitherto a somewhat slow and difficult task, on account of its novelty in this country, and the success of the first of the 8-inch guns is a matter for congratulation.

The new gun is about 21½ feet long, weighs a little over 12¼ tons, and throws a projectile weighing 250 pounds. The charge used on the naval ordnance proving ground was 110 pounds of American cocoa, and with this the very satisfactory result was secured of 1966 feet muzzle-velocity, with a very moderate pressure. The full charge of the new gun will be 125 pounds, and with this an initial velocity of at least 2075 feet per second is expected. It must be added that the powder used in the tests hitherto was made for the 6-inch guns, so that a powder specially suited to the 8-inch will undoubtedly give still better results. This American powder illustrates the fact that however much behind our country may be in any branch of the manufacture of war material, through lack of government patronage, it is sure to go at once to the front when called upon. The success of Du Pont's brown powder in the 12-inch cast-iron gun at once placed it in advance of all the foreign powders, of which wonderful accounts had been given in the newspapers, and insured the success, ballistically, of the new 8-inch naval gun.

In the *Atlanta* and *Boston* the construction is that of a central superstructure, with the extremities of the vessel left clear and unobstructed. Within the superstructure are the 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Outside the forward port angle, and also the after starboard angle, of the superstructure will be mounted one of the new 8-inch rifles, in a barbette built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from 40° abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward, to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side. There is a similar train for the after 8-inch gun. Each of the guns carries an armored mantlet as protection against machine-gun fire.

The government has under construction at the Washington Navy-yard, where the present gun was completed, several 10-inch guns, while forgings for 10½-inch guns have been received from Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. The 10-inch gun will be $27\frac{4}{10}$ feet long, will weigh 26 tons, and throw a projectile of 500 pounds with a powder charge of 250 pounds, attaining an initial velocity of 2100 feet. In the last report of the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance it was stated that the tubes and jackets of the first 10-inch guns were assembled, and most of the rings had then already arrived from England, so that we shall soon have a still more effective gun in service than the one just completed and tested. The 10½-inch gun is $30\frac{7}{10}$ feet long, weighs 30½ tons, and throws a projectile of 550 pounds, with a powder charge of 275 pounds, with an initial velocity of 2100 feet.

The illustration on another page may stand for the external appearance of nearly all modern heavy guns, since, excepting two types, they are all long, forged-steel, breech-loading rifles, jacketed and hooped. There is first a chambered tube, and on this is put a jacket extending about a third of the tube to a point at or just beyond the trunnions; then come hoops arranged to resist transverse strain. The jacket and hoops are carefully finished, and shrunk on.

The government also has four cast-iron breech-loading 12-inch rifles of a different external shape, being without hoops and jackets. The 12-inch cast-iron gun weighs 54 tons, and throws an 800-pound projectile with a powder charge of 265 pounds, attaining 1840 feet muzzle-velocity. The advantage of the cast-iron gun is its economy, but now the processes of making gun steel are becoming cheaper, and a steel gun weighs much less than a cast-iron gun of equal energy.

The Armament Board of which Colonel Baylor was president advised constructing 125 of the 8-inch guns and 226 of the 10-inch, and then 306 of a 12-inch calibre and 50 of a 16-inch. The 12-inch would be 35 feet long, weighing 48 tons, and throwing a projectile of 894 pounds with a powder charge of 456 pounds. The 16-inch would be 46 feet long, weighing nearly 108 tons, and throwing a projectile of 1631 pounds with a charge of 650 pounds. This last would come fully up to the standard of a modern big gun.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League, is on his second visit to the United States. He came, not as a delegate, but with Mr. Parnell's sanction, to attend the Irish Convention at Chicago, but more especially to employ the time profitably until the plans of the new British Ministry touching Irish affairs are more fully developed or carried out. Mr. Davitt is now exerting himself for the relief of the destitution of the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland, and from Chicago he will go to San Francisco, and there begin a course of lectures on Irish affairs to increase this relief fund. Mr. Davitt regards the battle for home rule as practically won. He even looks for this under a Gladstone Ministry. The Parliamentary tactics which Mr. Davitt has recommended to Mr. Parnell and his followers now is not to make any direct effort touching Irish legislation, but to introduce bills looking toward land reforms in Scotland, England, and Wales, and thus to carry the war into England by enlisting the aid of the peasantry in effecting changes which they as well as the Irish desire.

Michael Davitt's career is familiar to all who know the history of recent Irish agitation. He is yet a young man, having been born in Straid, County Mayo, in 1846. His father was evicted while the son was hardly more than an infant, and the family begged their way through England, and found a home at Haslingden, Lancashire. Most of them came to the United States. His father died here, and his mother made her home in Pennsylvania. In childhood Michael Davitt lost his arm by an accident in a mill where he was put to work. At eleven years of age he was employed in the local post-office, which was, after a fashion, schooling for him. Early in life he became a member of the Fenian organization, and in 1870 he was arrested in London as a suspect, tried for a political crime, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. After seven years he was released on ticket-of-leave. Having enjoyed his freedom for three years, he was reimprisoned in 1880. The memorable suspension of all the Irish members of the House of Commons by reason of the debate that was provoked by his reimprisonment is yet fresh in the memory of all who have followed the course of the English dealing with Ireland. When he was again released he was received by the Irish Nationalists as a hero, and his career as an agitator for land reform soon afterward began. Before his second imprisonment he lectured in England and Scotland, and in 1878 he made a visit to his kinspeople and sympathizers in the United States. During his last confinement in jail he wrote his well-known lectures "to a solitary audience," which was a pet blackbird that shared his cell with him. They are thoughts on prison management, social reform, the cause and cure of poverty, and similar topics.

LACROSSE.

Never since the first time a game of lacrosse was played in New York—in 1863, by two visiting teams of Canadian Indians—has the "coming sport" attracted quite the attention that it has this season. The successful European trip two years ago of the American team, which was ably organized and conducted under the auspices of the New York club, gave an impetus to the game on both sides of the Atlantic. No reception extended to the American visitors was as warm (both on and off the field of play) as that received in Belfast. Games were played in that city on June 13 and 14, 1884. The game of June 13 was the best game of the entire schedule. The Americans won by a score of five to three, after a very close contest, against a team representing all Ireland. On the next day the American twelve experienced their only defeat at the hands of virtually the same team, three or four Englishmen taking the place of as many Irishmen, and so making the twelve one representing the United Kingdom.

The return games have just been played at St. George, on Staten Island. Fourteen athletic-looking Irish gentlemen came over on the *Etruria*, and were on the grounds on Monday, August 9, to watch the game between the New York and Toronto clubs. The latter is the best twelve in Canada, and therefore in the world. This also was a return game, the New York team having by a stroke of good luck and by plucky play defeated the Toronto twelve on their own grounds, by a score of three to one, on July 8. In the game on the St. George grounds the Canadians gave a most wonderful exhibition of lacrosse, and played to win from the instant the ball was faced until time was called. They had previously beaten the Montreal team, by a score of three to nothing, in eight minutes, and in the hour's play with the New York club were anxious to make the score as large as possible; but while preventing the New-Yorkers scoring at all, they had to be satisfied with a score of three goals.

On Tuesday the Irish team, captained by Hugh Kelly, met a picked team of players from the Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Baltimore clubs, representing the United States. An enthusiastic audience, such as has never before been seen at a lacrosse match in New York, greeted the players. The Ireland's goal was threatened a number of times before a game was scored. At last, by a very quick and brilliant play, the first goal was taken by the Irish team. Lacrosse men are inclined to be superstitious about the first goal, though they by no means agree as to whether it is better to win or lose it. The first goal of the first match was the only goal scored against the American team in 1884 in the nine games they played in England. Perhaps as good a way as any to test the relative powers of two teams by the play in the early part of a match is to notice which team has had the most "tries at goal"; then, other things being equal, one can speculate with some degree of certainty upon the result of the match. Judged by this standard, the first fifteen minutes were very encouraging to the Americans. The game resulted in a score of four goals to two in favor of the home twelve.

On Wednesday the New York team met the Irishmen. The former returned a few weeks ago from a trip through the West and Canada, winning the United States championship at St. Paul, scoring a surprising victory at Toronto, and suffering defeat at Ottawa. They also hold the Oelrich Cup for 1886. Thus the Irish gentlemen met what is perhaps the best local team in the United States. The game was ably contested by both sides, the Irishmen showing much better form than they did the day before. The New York team gave the best exhibition of attack play that has been seen in New York, while the defence of the Irishmen was spirited and persistent. The neat passing of the players was promptly recognized by the audience. A player closely checked obtains the ball in a scrimmage, upsetting his opponent by a skilful body check, and then, as in the accompanying illustration, starts on a run, keeping a close watch upon both foe and friend, and the instant a sure opportunity offers, passes it to his friend, who, unchecked, has a free throw and a chance to drop the ball in front of the goal at the other end of the field. The game resulted in a victory for New York by a score of three goals to one.

The gentlemen from Ireland are a fine lot of athletes. Several of them are noted runners and foot-ball players. Nearly all of them have represented Ireland in the great annual championship matches. Their trip through Canada will be one of great interest in lacrosse circles, and will undoubtedly result, as it has in the case of the New York club, in improving the tactics and play of the visiting team.

Canada, the native home of lacrosse, produces the same sort of expertness and skill in the lacrosse field that the United States does upon the base-ball diamond, and for the same reason the players begin to learn the game as soon as they leave the nursery.

The progress of the game in the United States has been very rapid of late, and every week new clubs are formed in localities as far west as Nebraska City, as far south as Baltimore, and as far east as Boston, one of the great strongholds of the game. Junior clubs especially are increasing in numbers, and hence the future of the game is positively assured.

The international games on both sides the Atlantic and between the States and Canada have proved of great advantage to the sport, increasing the interest and improving the play. Mr. Erastus Wiman has done more than any one else in promoting these matches, by his interest and his generosity.

DR. FRANK H. HAMILTON.

In the death of Dr. Frank Hastings Hamilton, which occurred at his home in this city on the 11th inst., the country has lost a distinguished surgeon, an eminent author of medical works, and an inventor of surgical appliances the use of which has diminished human suffering throughout the civilized world. It was through his ministrations at the bedside of President Garfield that Dr. Hamilton gained what may be termed popular notoriety, but long before that he was known to the medical profession not only of the United States, but also of England, France, and Germany, as a leading representative of enlightened surgical knowledge. His published works and the record of his remarkable operations attracted attention in Europe as long ago as 1860, his *Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations* being at once translated into French and German by enthusiastic disciples in those countries.

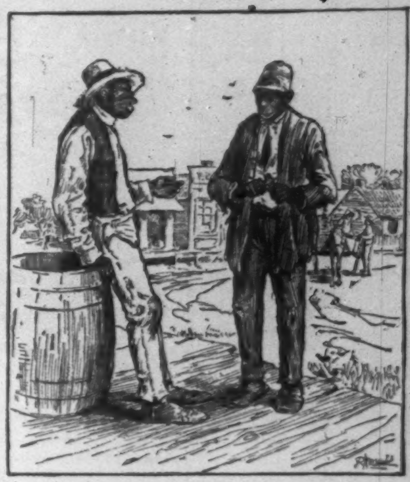
Although never a robust man, Dr. Hamilton managed during his long life to accomplish a vast amount of work. He was born at Wilmington, Vermont, September 10, 1813, and in 1827, when only fourteen years of age, was admitted to the Sophomore Class of Union College, graduating at the age of seventeen. In 1833, when he was but twenty years old, he was licensed to practise medicine and surgery, and began his professional work at Auburn, New York. At the age of twenty-seven he was made Professor of Surgery in the Geneva Medical College. After several months of travel spent in Europe, he moved to Buffalo in 1844, where he lived until 1858, at which date he accepted the professorship of the Principles and Practice of Surgery in the Long Island College Hospital, in Brooklyn.

In April, 1861, he formed a connection with the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in this city which continued until 1875, interrupted only by two years which he spent in active service with the Union army. In February, 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln Medical Inspector of the United States Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This position he resigned in the following September. The number of important offices which Dr. Hamilton held during his long and useful career testify to the respect and esteem in which he was held by his fellow-practitioners. Among the many volumes with which his name is associated may be mentioned the *Surgical Memoirs of the War of the Rebellion*, which he edited, and which was published under the direction of the United States Sanitary Commission in 1871. He was the inventor of twenty-seven surgical instruments, most of which are now in common use. He was twice married, his second wife dying only last year.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The heirs of a manufacturer of Arles, in France, have among their assets a claim against that city for the price of two thrones. The thrones were ordered on the occasion of a visit to Arles of the last Emperor and Empress of the French. The price, as set by the manufacturer, was three hundred dollars, but the city authorities deemed this too much, and cut it down to one hundred and seventy dollars, which the manufacturer refused to take, and the city was sued for the amount charged. The matter is not yet decided. The deliberate methods of the law are illustrated in this still-pending suit for the price of thrones in a land which has been a republic for fifteen years.

Undue ambition has led to the death of a huge Austrian eagle. The bird, which measured eleven feet across its outstretched wings, swooped down upon an eight-year-old boy and attempted to bear him away. The boy was one of two who were together, the other being thirteen years of age. The younger boy struggled and screamed, and the older struck the eagle on the head with a knotted stick, stunning the bird, which was shot soon afterward by a hunter. Eight-year-old boys were not intended for eagles. A big American eagle which recently undertook to carry off a calf likewise found that it had undertaken too great a task. The calf raised its voice as the eagle vainly tugged at it, and the eagle was caught and sent to fret its abnormal spirit away in a menagerie.



PROVISION FOR BACKSLIDING.

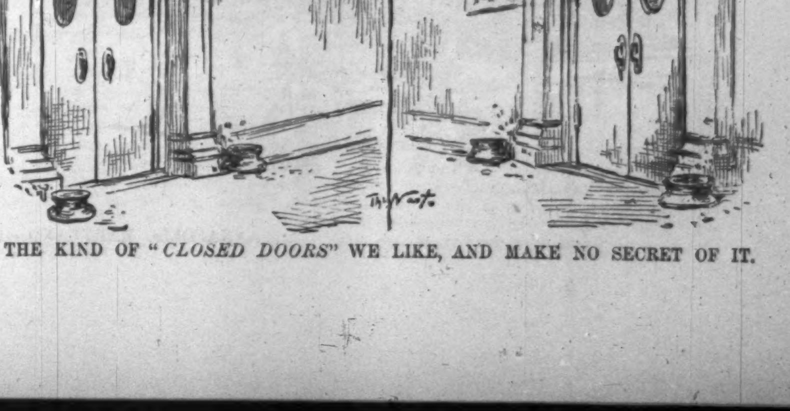
"Hab chaw, Mistah Happy?"

"No, t'ank 'e; I's swo'e off. Might gimme hunk, dough, in case I git weak, an' goes ter usin' de weed agin."

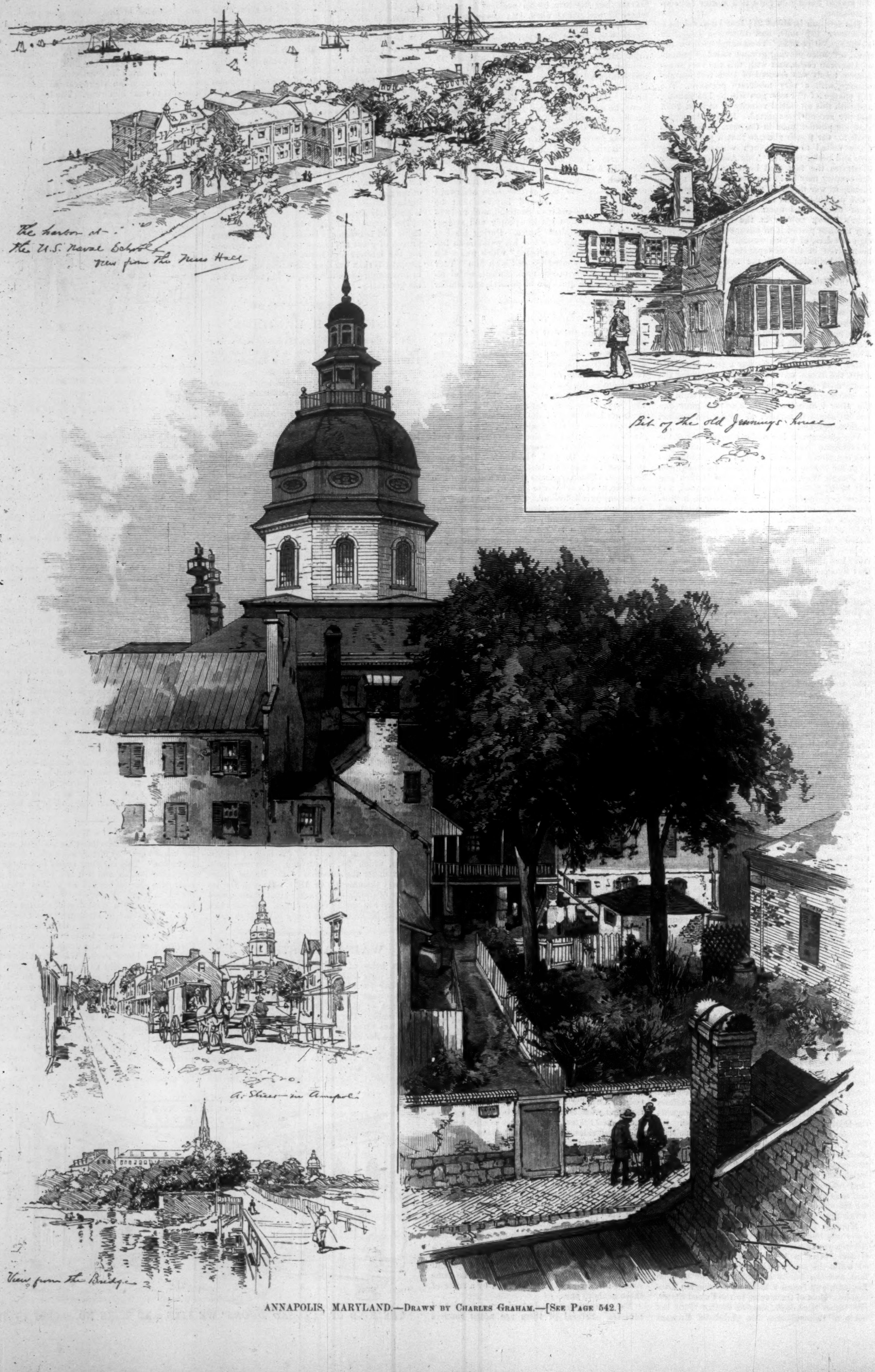
A Connecticut cat which was lost twenty years ago has just been recovered. It is petrified. It was in the same state that there was found some time ago, in the exact centre of a cake of ice which had been three years in an ice-house, a large toad, which, when the ice was cracked in two, hopped about the floor with unmistakable vitality, and seemingly in perfect health.

In the north of England there lives a wealthy iron-master, who, according to the *Court Journal*, has his house and office provided with some of the most modern scientific apparatus. Among other matters, there is in each of a number of rooms an arrangement of clock-work by which every hour a little shutter is opened in the wall, and a camera which the shutter had concealed is permitted to receive an instantaneous impression of whatever is going on. By means of this apparatus the iron-master has satisfied himself that in his absence his most trusted and apparently most diligent clerks sit paring their nails, with their heels up, and his servants give entertainments of a most liberal character in his best dining-room.

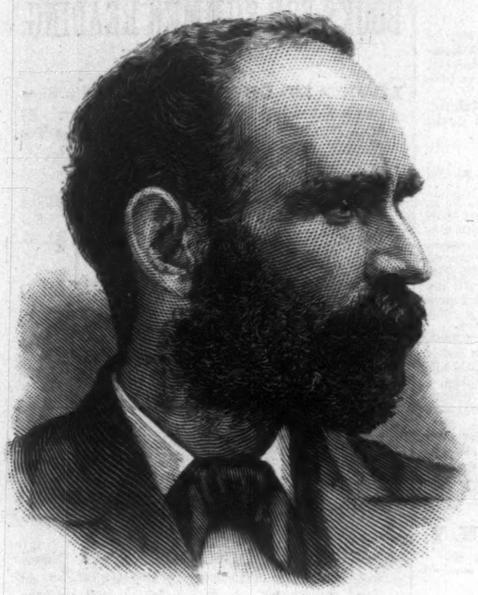
A correspondent of a Western newspaper says that women in Massachusetts have been spoiled for house work "by factory work and dabbling in literature." This certainly seems to be a suspicious combination, and if it really is as bad as it looks, the Massachusetts authorities ought to take it in hand. Factory work is generally understood to take a good deal of the operative's time. To dabble in literature must take some additional time, and it may be because what is left of the twenty-four hours is needed for sleep that the factory hand who dabbles in literature is unfitted for house work. Whatever the reason, chemistry has taught us that matters which are quite harmless by themselves may be terribly pernicious in combination. Factory work is not held to be harmful when it is done in moderation, and the pursuit of literature is generally considered innocuous, although it may not be wise; but the two may very well be perilous when mixed. Is the correspondent sure, however, that it is not factory work and landscape-painting, or factory work and the ownership of gold mines, that unfits Massachusetts women for the natural task of working about the house?



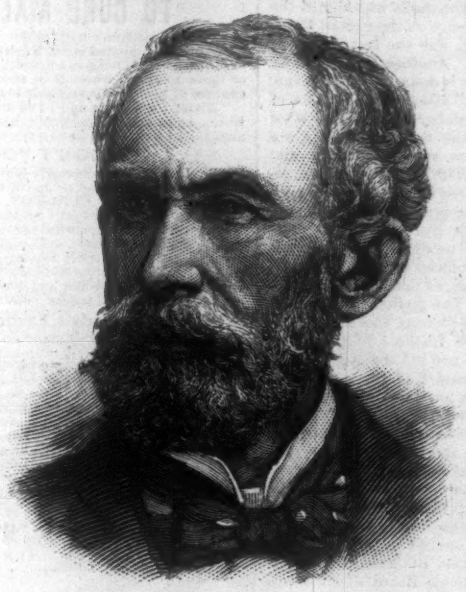
THE KIND OF "*CLOSED DOORS*" WE LIKE, AND MAKE NO SECRET OF IT.


The harbor at the U.S. Naval School view from the Mess Hall
Bit of the old Jennings house
A Street in Annapolis
View from the Bridge

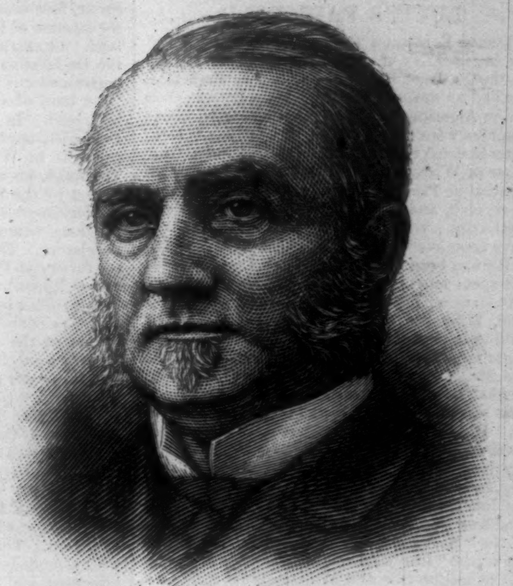
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 542.]



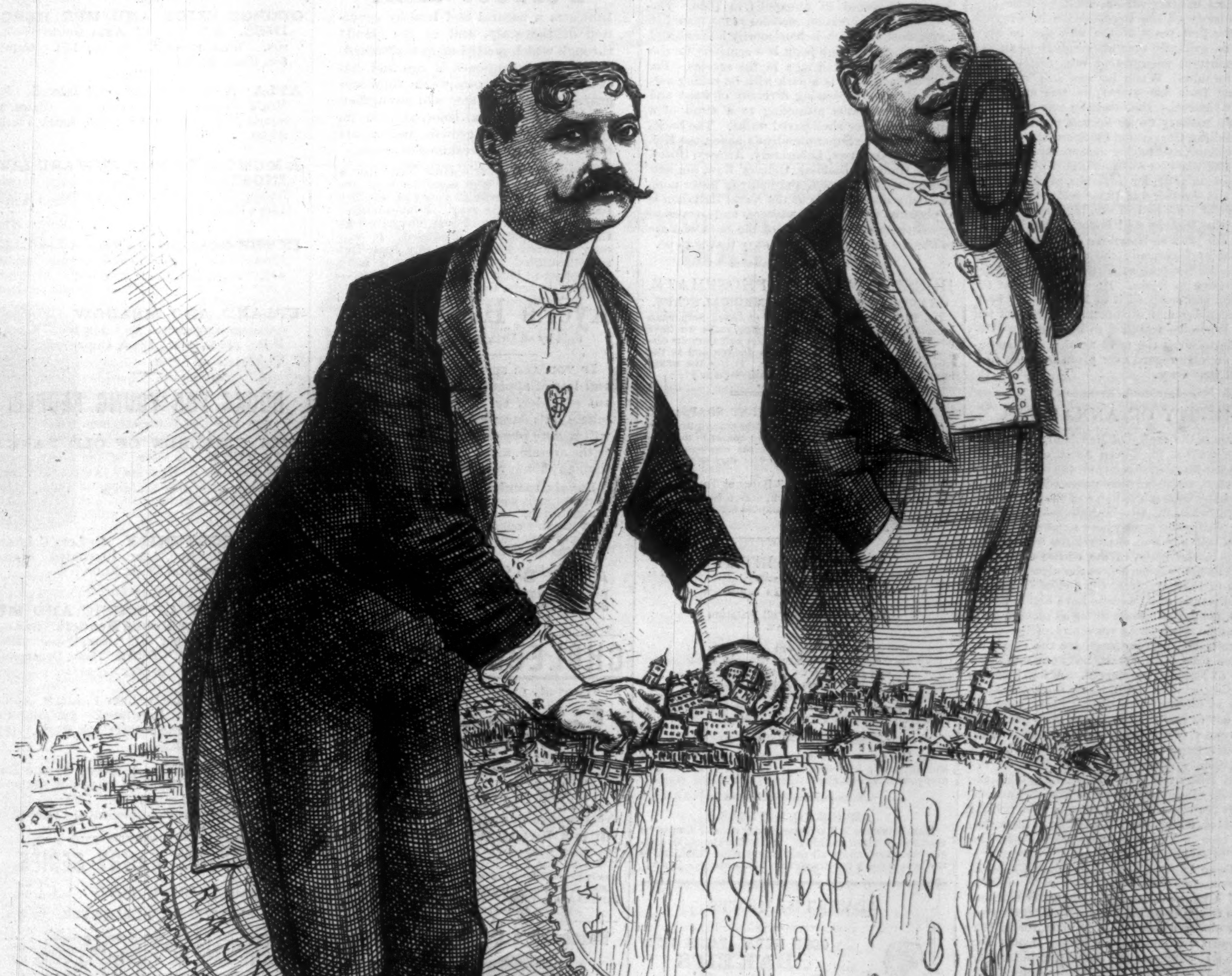
MICHAEL DAVITT.—[See Page 539.]



FRANK H. HAMILTON, M.D.—Phot. by Mora.—[See Page 539.]



LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.—Phot. by Curtis, Madison, Wis.—[See Page 542.]


RACK
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THE SPOILSMEN'S "SPIRIT OF FUN"—THIS TICKLISH BUSINESS IS SPLITTING THE SIDES OF NEW YORK.

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

Lucius Fairchild, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, recently elected by the National Encampment at San Francisco, has had an uncommon succession of honors, even for an American citizen of that generation whose qualities were developed by the civil war. Brigadier-General, Secretary of State, and thrice Governor of Wisconsin, Consul at Liverpool, Consul-General at Paris, and Minister to Spain—in military, civil, and diplomatic life he has attained distinction; yet on the 27th of December he will have completed only his fifty-fifth year.

He was born in Portage County, Ohio, in 1831. He spent most of his life at Cleveland, until he was sixteen; thence his parents removed to Madison, Wisconsin, wherefrom, in 1849, he went with a company of gold-seekers the overland route to California. There for five years he lived the life of a miner without becoming rich, and in 1855 he returned to Madison, and in the same year was elected Clerk of the Court for his county. His military career began early in the war. Soon after the fall of Fort Sumter he enlisted as a private in a Volunteer company; he was subsequently elected Captain, declined promotion to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy because he did not feel qualified, but was soon afterward made Captain of the "Regulars," and then Major. As an officer of the "Iron Brigade" he did brilliant service at Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg, where, as Colonel of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, he lost his left arm. A narrative of ex-Governor Fairchild's military career would be little less than a history of the engagements in Virginia during the first years of the war, and he bore himself so gallantly that his conduct in almost every important engagement won further promotion for him. While he was still at home, recovering from his wound, he was appointed Brigadier-General. But when he was preparing to resume military duties he was nominated by the Republican Convention for Secretary of State. He was elected, and having acceptably served his term of two years he was nominated by the next Convention, in 1865, for Governor, to which office also he was elected, and twice reëlected. Thus at the age of forty he had won high military honors and the highest civil honor his State could bestow. In 1872 he began his diplomatic career as Consul at Liverpool; the next year he was made Consul-General at Paris, and two years later Minister to Spain. He held this post for two years, and resigned it in 1882, having been in the consular and diplomatic service just ten years. When he returned to his home in Wisconsin he received the most notable demonstration of popular regard ever given in honor of a citizen of that State.

THE CITY OF ANNAPOLIS.

Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, was named August 16, 1708, for Queen Anne of England. Queen Anne knew of this city on the banks of the river Severn, whose picturesqueness has won for it from many writers the name of the "Beautiful City," and when St. Anne's Church—not named for her, but for the saint whose name she bore—needed a bell, she sent one over the water, to be hung up in the belfry of the edifice erected in 1696. The bell was burned in the second church building in 1858, and from the melted fragments the good people of Annapolis have highly prized trinkets, melted into such forms as pleased their fancy, and treasured as souvenirs of the good-will entertained by the Queen for the colony in the olden time. Annapolis, however, was not a Church of England settlement. A few Puritans in Virginia who, in 1642, made themselves obnoxious to the Assembly of that State, were, under an act to prevent Dissenters from preaching in the colony, ordered out of the country. Until 1648 they lingered in Virginia; then the law was rigorously enforced, and the band of two hundred Dissenters left for New England and Maryland. Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic, willingly permitted them to come in upon making an oath of fidelity and friendship, which they gladly took. The settlement they made, first called "Providence," afterward "Proctors," or "The Town Land at Severn," changed by-and-by to "Anne Arundel Town," later still to "The Port of Annapolis," and in 1708, under charters, became the "City of Annapolis." That they had men of ability among them is plain, for in 1650 Providence was honored by having James Cox, one of its burgesses in the Assembly, chosen Speaker of that body. Thirty miles south of Baltimore, and forty miles east-northeast from Washington, it stands on a peninsula, occupying an area of about one hundred and sixty-three acres. From elevated points an extensive view of Chesapeake Bay and the adjacent picturesque country is obtained. The city has long been the home of high-born families whose names have figured in American history. There is a commodious harbor, but the commerce and manufactures of the city are by no means developed to the capacity of the port and the city, so that its eight thousand people live in hope of a turn in affairs that will make their natural advantage available.

The visitor to Annapolis finds it a quiet, comfortable place, full of the charm of colonial and Revolutionary story. Upon a beautiful elevation in the centre of the city stands the State-House, a brick and wood structure, modest and substantial. The Senate-Chamber, to which the student of history turns first, by superior attraction, is interesting from the fact that within its walls Washington surrendered his commission as General of the Army to the Congress that had given it; and later, in the same room, the Senate ratified the treaty of peace with Great Britain, in which the independence that Washington had fought for was recognized. In the Chamber hang portraits of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Samuel Chase, William Paca, and Thomas Stone, four citizens of Annapolis who signed the Declaration of Independence on the part of Maryland. Charles Carroll was the last signer of the Declaration to die. Another patriot whose portrait adorns the walls is John Eager Howard, "the hero of Cowpens," afterward Governor of Maryland. In the Chamber of the House of Delegates, opposite to the Senate-Chamber, are portraits of Washington, with Lafayette and Tilghman, his aides. Within the enclosure occupied by the State-House is the Treasury, once the legislative hall of the provincial government, but long outgrown as a house for Maryland's legislators. The old and new government houses, the former and present official homes of the Governors, interest the visitor, as does St. John's College, founded in 1784. The institution has overcome ancient reverses of fortune, and its building is one of the attractive features of the town. Modern iconoclasm has not led the Marylanders to destroy the ancient names of the streets, for such royal designations as Duke of Gloucester still remain. The Naval Academy, which, next to the State Capitol, draws the greatest number of visitors to Annapolis, and which is a more continuous cause of cheerful activity, was located at Annapolis in 1845 by a board ordered by the Hon. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, and of which Commodore Isaac Mays was President. The school opened in October, 1845, with Commodore Franklin Buchanan as Superintendent, and an Academic Board of six members. In 1861, on the breaking out of the rebellion, the Academy was removed to Newport, but was returned to Annapolis in 1865. The government reservation includes more than 114 acres, most of which is handsomely laid out and well kept. On a high point is a cemetery for the burial of officers and men in the service. Beyond the cemetery is a park with its rolling surfaces showing a pleasing diversity of wood and lawn, shaded paths attracting to a stroll of a mile or two over shell-paved walks. The buildings include the Superintendent's house, the Midshipman's Quarters, Laboratory, Armory, Observatory, Gunnery Building, Officers' Row, the new Midshipman's Quarters, and many of lesser note. The daily dress parade of the Naval Battalion is a pleasing sight to all visitors, and serves to reveal the astonishing skill of the boys who are to become the officers of our navy that is to be.

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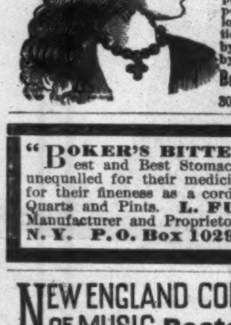

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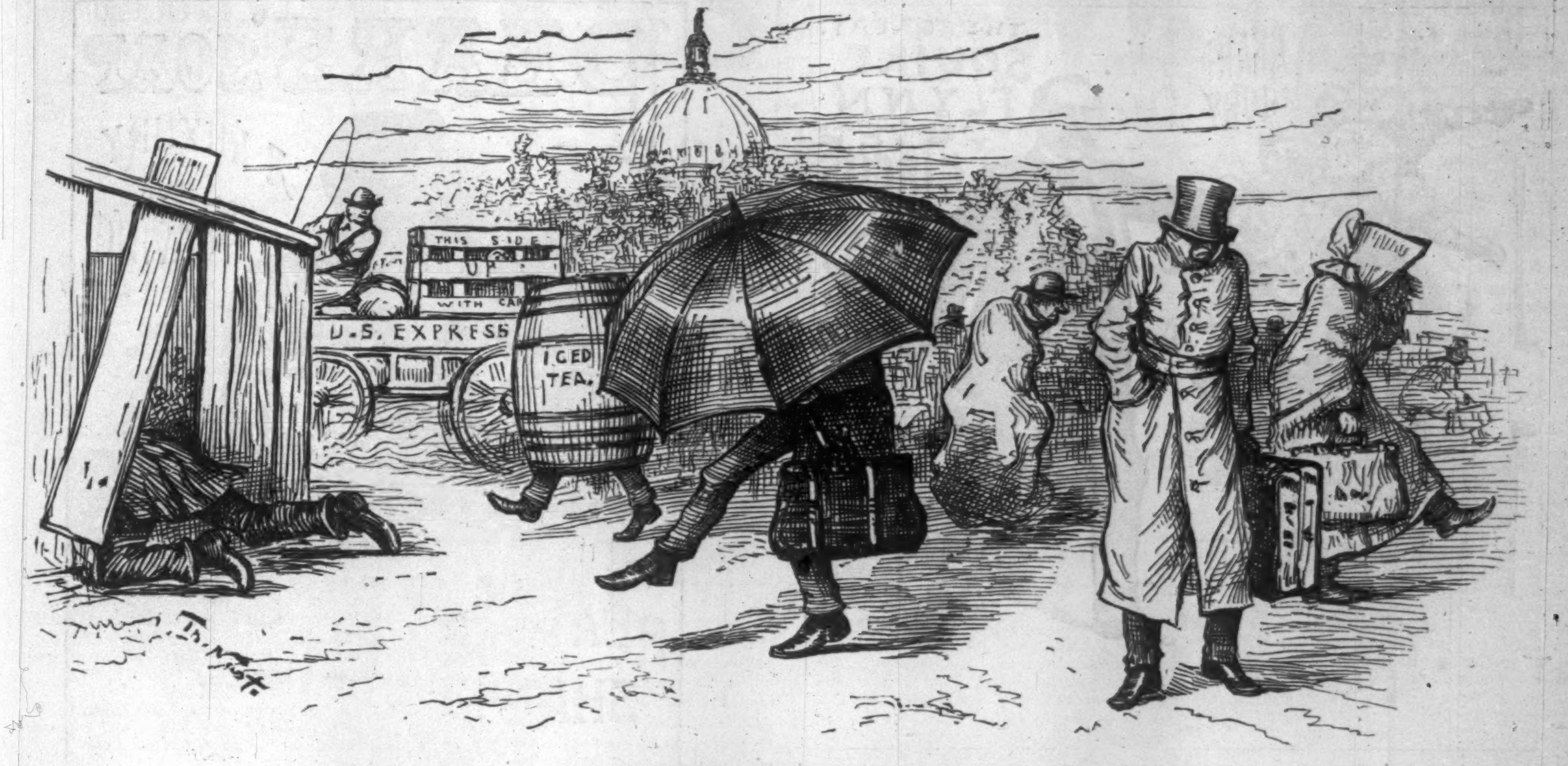
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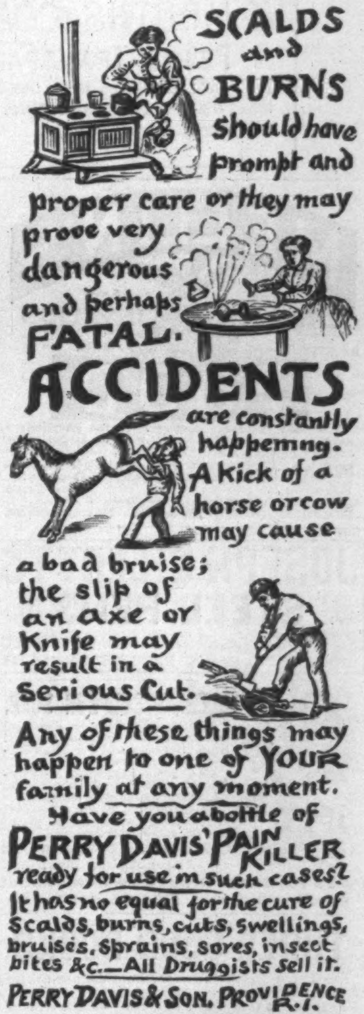
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